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1954

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Cinderella, the Snow Queen

SONIA KAYE, the nineteen-year-old Olympic skating star from Brooklyn, New York, is seen in the scintillating, mirror-surfaced coach which is her equipage in *Cinderella On Ice* at the Empress Hall, Earls Court. This transposition of the favourite old pantomime into regions of ice and snow is proving extremely popular, and Miss Kaye brings to the title rôle admirable skill wedded to transatlantic panache

SOUTH COUNTRY ENGAGEMENT

MISS MARION BROOME, who is to marry Mr. Victor Stuart Greig, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Broome of Aldwick Bay, near Bognor Regis, Sussex. Her father is a well known owner whose horses have been very successful. Her fiancé is the son of the late Mr. S. V. Greig and of Mrs. Winifred Greig of Wimbledon, Surrey



Betty Swaabe

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT BALL

MR. and Mrs. S. Lamb once again lent their house, Compton Verney, in its beautiful setting, for the Warwickshire Hunt Ball. Everyone present agreed that the ball was even better than in 1953, and the best ever to have been held by this famous hunt. For the last two years it has been organized by a small committee of ladies of the hunt, headed by one of the joint-Masters, Miss Beryl Buckmaster, with Mrs. Brittain-Jones and Mrs. Scott Cockburn, and it was largely due to their splendid organization that such a tremendous success was achieved.

Many people in the district had house parties for the ball. Lord Willoughby de Broke, chairman of the hunt, was there with Lady

Willoughby de Broke who was in dark green velvet, and they brought Signor Livio Theodoli from the Italian Embassy who frequently hunts down there and was out with the Warwickshire hounds next morning.

Major Stanley Cayzer, who this season very sportingly came in as joint-Master of these hounds with Miss Buckmaster and Viscount Bearsted, brought a party over from Westcote Manor with Mrs. Cayzer, very chic in a dress of embroidered white lace. Some of their guests were staying in the house and others had only dined with them. They included the Duchess of Rutland, who wore a grey brocade crinoline with touches of pink, Mr. William Pilkington, joint-Master of the neighbouring Bicester Hunt, with Mrs. Pilkington, Señor Joaquin Zavala from the Spanish Embassy, Mr. Anthony Dove,

Mr. Bill Sterling, Mr. David Bagnell and Miss Nichola Cayzer, who will be a débutante next season.

VISCOUNT BEARSTED was unfortunately laid up with jaundice, so there was no party from Upton House this year, but his brothers the Hon. Anthony Samuel and his wife, who came in Miss Beryl Buckmaster's party, and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel, were there. I also met Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon wearing a lovely red and white printed chiffon dress, and Mr. Ronald Wallace, who are joint-Masters of the Heythrop, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman who live in the Heythrop country and came with Capt. and Mrs. Brittain-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes who were both out hunting next day, Mr. and Mrs.

Geoffrey Rootes, Lady Watson, Major and Mrs. Peter Starkey, Major and Mrs. Jimmy Ford, Mrs. Joseph Mackle and her brother Mr. Whitfield, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Toller, Miss Rosemary Norrie, and Capt. John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan who were having supper at a table with Sir Robert Throckmorton.

OTHERS there were Lt.-Col. Sir Andrew Horsburgh-Porter and his daughter Susan, Mr. John Holbech who gave a very good party at his parents' home, Farnborough Hall, two nights later, dancing with Mrs. Sayer, Mr. Frank Farley, Mr. and Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley, Mr. David Weatherby Mr. Jack Profumo, M.P. for Stratford-upon-Avon, and Mrs. James Dance whose husband could not come as he was speaking at a political meeting. Their daughter Miss Angela Dance, in a cream and gold brocade dress, was being partnered by Mr. Nicholas Eden, and I saw Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin dancing with Lord Patrick Beresford. They were among the party of young guests Mrs. Margaret Dunne brought over from Chadshunt, with her pretty daughter, Mrs. Phillipa Bridges, her son Mr. Thomas Dunne and Miss Susan Askew.

Next morning Mrs. Dunne most generously dispensed hospitality at a lawn meet at Chadshunt House to many followers of the hounds, both mounted and unmounted, before they moved off to draw Itchington Holt.

★ ★ ★

SIR CHARLES TAYLOR, who has been M.P. for Eastbourne since 1935, and his charming wife gave what I found to be one of the best cocktail parties I had been to for some time, just before Parliament adjourned for the Christmas recess. It was not too crowded, so that one could hear what people were saying and did not have to shout oneself hoarse, which is so often necessary at these parties. The guests, too, were outstandingly interesting. H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, one of the most charming and intelligent envoys to the Court of St. James's, was having a long talk on shipping to the Hon. Fred Leathers, who like his father Lord Leathers has been most successful in that sphere.

Viscount Hailsham, who came with his wife, was at the top of his form and entertaining a group of friends including Mr. Tom O'Brien, who in 1952 and 1953 was chairman of the T.U.C., with his views on a now famous recently painted portrait.

Other Members of Parliament I met there were Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P. for Altrincham and Sale, and his lovely wife, Sir Alfred Bosson, who represents Maidstone, and Mr. Jacko Macleod, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, who was travelling up to his constituency on the following night for the weekend, as he frequently does. Lt.-Col. Bromley-Davenport who represents Knutsford in the House, and the Hon. George Lambert, who was elected by the West Country constituency of Torrington, were there, also the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, Sir Patrick Spens, Sir John Keeling who has recently been appointed chairman of the National Film Finance Corporation, and Lady Keeling, Sir George Bolton, a director of the Bank of England, and Lady Bolton, Sir Charles Taylor's niece Mrs. Christopher Thornton, Mrs. Emsley Carr, and Lady Alan Herbert, who told me she and Sir Alan were just off to Australia.

★ ★ ★

BY now many winter sports enthusiasts are on their way, or have already arrived, to enjoy a holiday in the sun. None are keener than members of the St. Moritz Tobogganing

Club, and plans for riding the famous Cresta this year were enthusiastically discussed at the Cresta Ball, held recently at the Park Lane Hotel. Perhaps the greatest enthusiast of them all is the ever-youthful Lord Brabazon of Tara, President of the Club, who in spite of his seventy years still rides the Cresta in the most fearless style. He and Lady Brabazon had a party of eighteen at their table.

Other Cresta personalities present were the Club's American Secretary, Mr. Fairchild MacCarthy, who had only flown in from New York that day, Col. James Coats, Mr. Carl Nater the vice-president, Mr. Eric Rylands and his wife, who every year give so much help towards this ball, Sir Basil Tangye, Mr. Aris Natimbella who had come from Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martineau, Mr. and Mrs. John Crammond, Mr. Keith Schellenberg and Mr. Wentworth-Ping, two promising young riders, Mr. Serge Ovsievsky and Mrs. Vernon Pope, one of the few women to have been down the Cresta, who told me her sixteen-year-old son is now a great enthusiast and spends much of his Christmas holidays practising on the run. Flt.-Lt. C. N. Mitchell, who holds the world's record from Junction, was another at the ball.

THERE were wonderful prizes from the tombola, Richard Murdoch and Kenneth Horne gave an excellent cabaret and much amusement was caused when guests on miniature toboggans raced in heats round the dance floor. Perhaps the most exciting moment was when Lord Brabazon read out a telegram from the Kurverein saying there was already plenty of snow at St. Moritz and that work had begun on building the run that day.

For the first time since the war, with the exception of 1948 when the Olympics were held here, the Cresta Run is to be open from Top, all being well, as early as possible in February. For the first time a world championship will be held on the run on February 12 and the following days over the full course. Dates of other important races are the Carlton Cup on January 14, the Heaton Gold Cup on January 22-23, Services Championship January 28, Swiss Championship 29-30, Curzon Cup February 3-4, all to be run from Junction.

The Morgan Cup on February 16 and the Grand National on February 20, are, like the World Championship on February 12, to be run from Top.

Pictures of the ball are on pages 786-7.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE she left for Jamaica, Mrs. Gloria de Hart gave a delightful small cocktail party in her new flat at Claridge House, to which she will be returning in the late spring. The hostess is Venezuelan, although she has had a home here for many years, and among the guests were the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Rodriguez. Other friends from the diplomatic world who came to wish Mrs. de Hart a happy trip were the Argentine Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza Leao Gracie, the Minister-Counsellor of the Chilean Embassy and Mme. Gonzalez and the Venezuelan Consul and Mme. Parra-Marquez. Many of them had the pleasure of meeting a very old friend, one of Mrs. de Hart's sons-in-law, M. Manuel Bianchi, who was for so long Chilean Ambassador here. Next year, he told me, he hopes his wife will also visit her mother here during the summer.

Rafaele Duchess of Leinster was at the party, also Princess Galitzine, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, the Countess of Middleton and Mrs. Cornwallis-West.



THE WARWICKSHIRE held their hunt ball at Compton Verney, the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Lamb to whom Lord Willoughby de Broke is here seen presenting a bouquet. Standing behind them are Mrs. Brittain-Jones and Miss Beryl Buckmaster, a joint-Master



Enjoying the ball were Mrs. Jean Wootton, Major J. F. Nicholson and Mrs. Dermot Daly, wife of Major Dermot Daly, who came over from the Heythrop country



Mr. Thomas Dunne, at whose mother's house hounds met next morning, with Miss Sarah Askew, a niece of the Earl of Ellesmere, and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, the Earl and Countess of Dunraven's younger daughter

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

Sailing to the West Indies

After her stay in Jamaica, Mrs. de Hart has planned to go on to Caracas, where she will be joined by her elder daughter, Mme. Bianchi, who will come on from visiting her young sister, Lady Carden, and Sir John Carden, at their home in Nassau. Mrs. de Hart sailed in the Cunard Liner Caronia, her fellow passengers including the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who are now in their new home in Jamaica, Lady Iliffe, who has gone out to their delightful house in Nassau where she was to be joined by Lord Iliffe who first had to go on a business trip in another part of the world, and Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford who are also staying in Bermuda.

The Caronia sailed direct to the sunshine and the sterling area after stopping at Le Havre on a special voyage, calling at Hamilton, Bermuda; Kingston, Jamaica; and Nassau in the Bahamas before going on to New York where she has a programme of dollar earning cruises, including a 32,000 mile world cruise that will take her to twenty-four ports in five continents and keep her away from Great Britain until next June.

★ ★ ★

THE ball held annually by the Liberal Social Council is always a happy and informal gathering of members from all parts of the country. This year it was held at the Café Royal where Lady McFadyean, the chairman, received the guests. Sir Andrew McFadyean was there, having just flown in from Paris on the last lap of his journey from Salzburg. Lord Layton was still at the Salzburg Conference, but Lady Layton was at the ball with her son the Hon. Michael Layton and his wife, and their daughter.

Other supporters included Sir Robert and Lady Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Grahame-White, Mrs. Philip Guedalla, the Hon. Mrs. Whitmore, who organized the lucky draw, Lord and Lady Rea, Major and Mrs. Thwaites and Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P., and Mrs. Grimond.

★ ★ ★

A SECOND "Young People's Ball" is to be held at Victory House, Leicester Square, on January 12, from 8 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Last year it proved a great success and raised such an excellent sum for the League of Pity (Junior section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children) that a committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. George Courtauld decided to organize another ball on the same lines. It is meant for the young people who have outgrown children's parties, but are not yet out, or old enough for the grown-ups' parties.

Tickets are kept to the very reasonable price of 17s. 6d., which includes a buffet. This is possible because the food has all been given, the band donated by a friend of the chairman, and Peter Sellers and Julian Slade are most kindly doing a cabaret free, so the expenses will be very small.

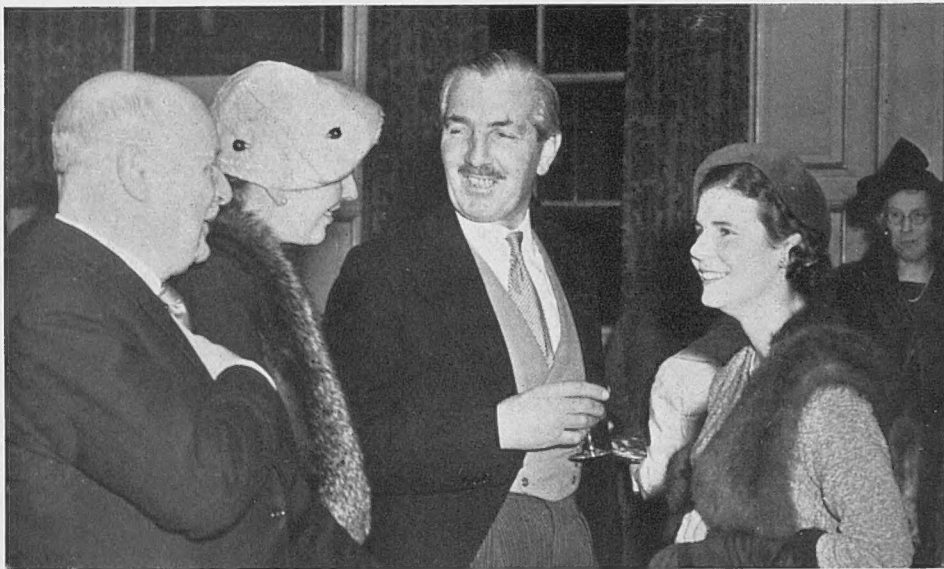
Applications for tickets, which are limited in number, should be made to Mrs. George Courtauld, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Telephone Gerrard 2774.

★ ★ ★

THE Pineapple Ball, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, which is always one of the gayest of the winter season, is to take place on January 6 at Grosvenor House.



BRIDESMAIDS TOAST the bride and bridegroom at the wedding of Mr. Clavil Campbell Ross and Miss Marianne (Anne) Constance Hakewill-Smith, daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Hakewill-Smith, of Mary Tudor Tower, Windsor Castle



This Windsor wedding took place at St. George's Chapel, and the reception at the Guildhall. Above: Brig. and Mrs. R. A. D. Moseley, Col. Frank Wilson and Miss Penelope Moseley



Mr. and Mrs. C. Tait and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. M. Weston at the reception. The bridegroom is the son of Surg-Capt. and Mrs. Campbell Ross, of Lakeside, Cape of Good Hope

Tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Organizing Secretary, 14a Lansdown Walk, London, W.11.

★ ★ ★

THE Royal National Life-Boat Institution, which is supported entirely by voluntary funds, is one of the great institutions of this country. Throughout the year the gallant men of this service risk their own lives saving those of others, of every creed and colour. As recently as early this month, it will be remembered, three members of the crew of the Scarborough lifeboat lost their lives when their boat overturned during a gale. No effort, therefore, should be spared by any of us to help raise funds adequately to support this superb cause.

Every autumn the Central London Branch of the R.N.L.I. hold a dinner-dance and raise a magnificent sum. This year the dance, at which over 600 were present, was held at the May Fair Hotel. Mrs. Abel Smith was chairman of a large and very hard-working committee. She had a big party at her table including the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen—they both take a keen and practical interest in the R.N.L.I.—and Mr. Roger Wethered.

There are always more attractive young wives at this ball than at any other, among them many who work on the organizing committee. Among these I saw Lady Doughty-Tichborne in black, Mrs. Desmond Reid, Lady Hacking in white with a green stole, Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie, the Hon. Mrs. David Wodehouse, Lady Chesham, Viscountess Curzon and Mrs. Derek Hague looking lovely in a pale blue satin ballet length dress. Mrs. Hague with her husband brought a big party including Lord and Lady Melchett, the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Holdsworth Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hopwood, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ward and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel.

EARL HOWE, Vice-Chairman of the R.N.L.I., was there with Countess Howe and three other great supporters, Lady Bird and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy. Viscount Anson was present, also the Hon. David Wodehouse, Lord Chesham, Viscount Curzon and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ivo Reid. Among the younger people dancing were Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Anne and Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, Mr. Arthur Johnstone, who is now ski-ing in Switzerland, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Carina Boyle and Miss Linda McNair Scott.

I also saw the Hon. Diana Howard in a party with Lady Amabel Yorke, the Hon. John Denison-Pender dancing with Miss Mary-Anne Hare, Miss Joanna Adams and Miss Petronella Elliot whom I met escorted by Mr. Robin Mirrlees, the Rouge Dragon, coming back from the tombola with a tablecloth and other prizes.

Mrs. John Terry, the very efficient secretary, was officiating at the tombola where I found guests delighted with the excellent prizes. The cabaret came on at the end of dinner, during coffee, and just before dancing began, which was an excellent idea. Then at midnight there was a very good dress show organized by Maggy Rouff of Paris who have now opened a boutique in Carlos Place, and the draw for the lucky programmes and numbers followed immediately.

★ ★ ★

NEXT Friday you can help either the Poliomyelitis Research Fund by attending the New Year's Eve Ball at the May Fair Hotel, or alternatively the Royal London

[Continued overleaf]



Dorothy Wilding

TO TAKE UP A
BUSINESS CAREER

MISS TERESA CROSSLEY, who was a bridesmaid at Miss Joanna Grant's wedding, is the daughter of the late Mr. Anthony C. Crossley, M.P., and of Mrs. Crossley, and a granddaughter of Sir Kenneth Crossley, Bt., of Combermere Abbey, Whitchurch, Salop. She is now taking a business course at Oxford in French and English



Lady Cecilia Wiggin, who is the wife of Major J. H. Wiggin and her brother, Viscount Anson, were dancing together. Their father is the Earl of Lichfield



Mr. Patrick Lindsay and Lady Melchett. She is the wife of the third baron who succeeded his father in 1949. They have a charming house in Tile Street, Chelsea



Having a glass of champagne together after supper were Mr. Nicholas Embiricos and Lady Edith Foxwell, who is a granddaughter of the 9th Earl of Cavan

Continuing The Social Journal

Bride who designed her wedding dress

Society for the Blind, for which Lady Pulbrook is chairman of a New Year's Eve dinner-dance at the Savoy. Tickets are obtainable at either hotels.

★ ★ ★

MISS JOANNA GRANT, elder daughter of the late Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, and of Lady Tweedsmuir, designed her wedding dress and the dresses worn by her bridesmaids for her marriage to Mr. Dominick Jones, son of Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, at St. George's, Hanover Square. It was an all white wedding, and the church was beautifully decorated with white flowers for the occasion.

The bride, who was given away by her stepfather, Lord Tweedsmuir, looked very pretty

wearing a white faille dress with a train cut in one, with white organza forming the neckline and long tight sleeves. Her tulle veil was held in place by a wreath of tiny white flowers and she carried a white prayer book. Her bridesmaids all wore long white silk tailored dresses, buttoning right down the front with long sleeves edged with lace. Their head-dresses were of white freesias and lilies of the valley, and they carried posies of the same flowers. There were two grown-up bridesmaids and four children, the former being the bride's sister Miss Anne Grant, a pretty girl who will soon be making her debut, and her cousin Miss Teresa Crossley, who came out this year, and the children were the Hon. Susan Buchan, the bride's half-sister, Annabel Jones, niece of the bridegroom, Sarah Callander and Cherrill Angas.

AFTER the ceremony, Lady Tweedsmuir held a reception at 29 Hyde Park Gate, kindly lent by the bridegroom's mother Lady Jones, who, wearing a black dress and hat, helped to receive the guests with Sir Roderick Jones and Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir. The latter looked charming in a blue

silk dress and hat to match, and had taken off a mink stole she wore in the church. Both the bride's grandmothers were at the wedding, the Dowager Lady Grant and Mrs. Alan Thomson, accompanied by Brig. Alan Thomson who was delighted at the way their great-granddaughter Sarah Callander had carried out her duties.

IMET Mrs. Callander and the bride's uncle, Sir Francis Grant of Monymusk, and Lady Grant, wearing a short fur coat over her red dress. The bride's aunts, Mrs. Edward Legge-Bourke, Mrs. Richard Waddington and Mrs. Anthony Crossley were also there. Mrs. Crossley's younger daughter Teresa, who had only returned from skiing in Austria the previous day, was a bridesmaid. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Timothy Jones, was best man and I saw Mrs. Timothy Jones with her father Sir Bede Clifford and Lady Diana Duff Cooper, a great friend of the bridegroom's family, who wore a black and red dress.

Others there were Lord and Lady Howard de Walden and their attractive daughter the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis who came out in the same season as the bride, two years ago. There were many other young friends at the wedding,



Wedding of Lady Tweedsmuir's Daughter at St. George's, Hanover Square

Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Jones after their wedding. The bride's mother has been the Member of Parliament for South Aberdeen since 1946

The bridesmaids: behind, Miss Teresa Crossley and Miss Anne Grant. In front, Annabel Jones, the Hon. Susan Buchan, Sarah Callander and Cherrill Angas



The Duke of Rutland, who owns two of England's most beautiful ancestral homes, Belvoir Castle and Haddon Hall, was talking to Miss Claire Baring

including Miss Deirdre Child, Mr. Anthony Butterwick, Miss Sally Collier, the Hon. Rosemary Villiers, pretty in red velvet, Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones, Miss Caroline Clive and Miss Pamela Foster. The two latter came together and were escorted to their seats in the church by Viscount Stormont, who was one of the ushers.

After the bride and bridegroom had cut their cake, Mr. Timothy Jones proposed their health. Later they left for their honeymoon, which is being spent in Austria.

★ ★ ★

AMONG the many cocktail parties over the festive season, was a most enjoyable one given, by Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas at their very pleasant Knightsbridge flat. The Spanish Ambassador was amongst those who came along, also Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, the very efficient Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Brig. Sir Norman Gwatkin, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Sir George and Lady Wilkinson, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller and Sir Robert and Lady Bird, who spent Christmas at their home in Warwickshire.

★ ★ ★

SIR GERALD KELLY's last exhibition as President of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House, is one that everyone is going to enjoy. This winter exhibition, which I went to see the other day, is called "European Masters of the Eighteenth Century" and includes some superb Canalettos, Guardi, Gainsboroughs, Lawrences, Stubbs and the works of many other great painters of that period.

Some of the pictures have been lent from the Louvre and from the provincial museums of France, others came from museums in Melbourne, The Hague, Madrid, Barcelona, Stockholm, Boston, Vienna, Munich and our museums in Great Britain. The Queen has lent a large number and the King of Sweden has also lent three pictures. Others who have kindly loaned some of their pictorial treasures include the dukes of Richmond and Gordon, Northumberland, Abercorn, Hamilton, Norfolk, Grafton, St. Albans, Sutherland, Atholl and Buccleuch. Also the Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Sir David Eccles, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Baronne Cassal van Doorn, the Marquess de Ganay, Mr. Hugh Rose, the Earl of Haddington, the Earl of Elgin, Viscount Thurso, the Duc de Talleyrand and the Baronne Alain de Gunzburg.



A BALL TO HELP THE VERY YOUNG

THE ball given on behalf of the Children's Aid Association at the Savoy exceeded all expectations when 500 people instead of the anticipated 350 danced until 3 a.m. Above: Mr. Billy Wallace and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, who made appeals on behalf of the association, were listening to Mrs. Fairbanks



Desmond O'Neill

Sir Vivian and Lady Naylor-Leyland were sitting out one of the dances together. Lady Naylor-Leyland is the younger daughter of Viscount FitzAlan of Derwent

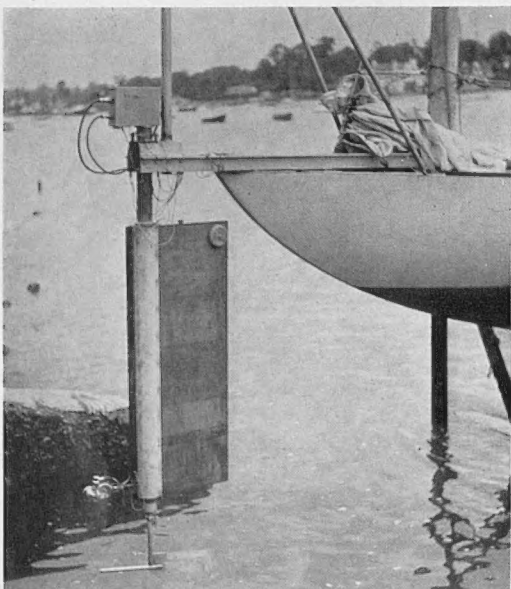
In Winter Conclave—

YACHTSMEN PLAN FOR BRITAIN

Gabor Denes



Yeoman, the International 5.5 metre, being launched into one of the reservoirs at Staines for further sailing and static tests



A close-up view on the slipway shows the watervane (bottom) which measures the leeway, and the current-meter for recording the speed of the boat



The chairman of the Yacht Research Council, Lord Brabazon of Tara, on board Yeoman with Dr. J. F. Allan, chairman of the Performance Trials Committee

THE yachts are sleeping in sheds and mudberths everywhere, but yachtsmen this winter seem to be very wide awake. Fully aware of the eclipse suffered by our colours in international yacht racing, they are busy making plans and preparations for winning more prizes for Britain. Not for years has the future for British yachting looked as bright as it does today. Success for the flag in this sport means more than just prestige, it also attracts desirable foreign trade to the boat-building industry, and it is cheering to see important work for such aims being done by groups of individual yachtsmen.

The international six-metre class was given up by many, and considered moribund by others, when the number of yachts in the class went on dwindling during the postwar years, until last season only two boats were left to race in the Solent. The International Yacht Racing Union, when its Permanent Committee met in London last month, finally refused to include the class among the ones to race at the next Olympic Games, and it appeared as if the death-warrant of the class had been signed. Six metres are losing favour in Europe because of the very high cost of building and maintenance, but they enjoy growing popularity on the other side of the Atlantic.

WHEN it was found that we would not be able to muster a team of yachts to represent our side in the contest for the British-American Cup due to be sailed in our waters next season, because no individual owner was prepared to take the risk of building a new six metre, two admirable co-operative schemes came into being. Some members of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club provided the necessary funds for building a new yacht this winter, and the challenge was taken up by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, who will finance a second boat, also by subscription among its members.

About 150 members of the Royal Thames, led by their patron Prince Philip, who was the first contributor, are the joint-owners of the new six metre—she has not been given a name yet—designed by David Boyd and now being built by Woodnatts. I met Michael Crean, who has been chosen to sail her, and he told me some of his plans.

His crew will consist of G. G. Dudley (Bates) Head (as tactician), Major Peter Snowden and John Dunn—the latter two have crewed for him in the Dragon Inge for several seasons—and young Simon Preston. He feels confident that the new boat will be a match for the best the Americans can send, and that, by constant racing and practice during the season, the crew will become as efficient.

C. Peto Bennett, Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y.C., tells me that their boat is being designed and built by Bjarne Aas in Norway, and although no helmsman has been chosen as yet, he is equally confident of victory for the British side. Our boats, helmsmen and crews will have to be first-class if we are to regain the Cup, which has not been won by Britain since 1928.

While these two valiant efforts are intended to further the national interest by saving and supporting a class threatened by extinction, the aspirations of the Yacht Research Council are much wider. Founded a year ago, under the chairmanship of Lord Brabazon of Tara, it has eight members, who are eminent scientists, industrialists, business men and, last but not least, yachtsmen. By promoting and organizing much needed scientific research, the Council is doing a job that needed doing very badly. Only with such help can our designers and builders, who are among the best in the world, create boats, in the various international classes, which will be potential winners in regattas abroad, and at the next Olympic Games.

LARGEST of the Olympic classes, the international 5.5 metre, was chosen by the Council for its most urgent investigations, as the class in which scientific research will gain the greatest reward.

The results of the last Olympics in Helsinki have made it very clear that our original lead in designing for this relatively new class had passed out of British hands, mainly to the U.S.A. and Scandinavia. The gold medal was won by the American boat, with Norway second and Sweden third. Our representative Unique, sailed by her owner Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry, was placed sixth (our second best place in the whole of the sailing events; Charles Currey had won a silver medal in the single-handed Finn class), and she was Swedish designed and built! The only British built 5.5 metre entered in the Games was sailed by the Bahamas; she finished fifteenth in a fleet of sixteen.

Most generously, Owen Aisher has lent his Yeoman to the Council for the experiments, and, equipped with a number of delicate instruments, she has been sailed in all weathers, first on Southampton Water since early October, and more recently on one of the large reservoirs at Staines.

No peaceful dreams, while laid up, for Yeoman this winter! Most probably the sailing and static tests will go on for several months, every day, when there is a wind of less than gale force. A tremendous lot of work still remains to be done for this and the other classes, if designers are to have the scientific information in time for them to design winners of gold medals at Melbourne, in 1956. To make all this work possible, the Yacht Research Council needs all the support it can get from yachtsmen and the yacht-building industry, who will benefit so much from its success.

IN a different way, the Boat Show, which opens at Olympia tomorrow, is another piece of good news. I have always envied New Yorkers for their Exhibition, and Parisians for their Salon Nautique, and feel the time has come for London to have its own show. The timing, just after Christmas, is most auspicious. With the arrival of the New Year the yachtsman begins to think with longing of the seas and breezes, and I am sure he will be just as happy gazing at the wonders of yachts and all their gear at Olympia, as the many thousands of schoolboys on holiday, who will, no doubt, be there, too.



A "TRIAL HORSE" IN THE SOLENT

BY kind permission of her owner, Mr. Owen Aisher, the Yeoman has been lent to the Yacht Research Council, to make full-scale performance trials from which it is hoped considerably to improve the racing chances of British yachts next year. Yeoman is seen sailing on Southampton Water, carrying an anemometer and wind vane on her bow



THE CAVERNS DEEP of the ocean cold—that highly contemporary preoccupation—provide the theme of this year's Chelsea Arts Ball. Ronald Searle, sole begetter of St. Trinians, and his chief assistants, Mr. Peter Krumins and Mr. Alexander Bilibin, have been working on it for months past, and the strangest of marine creatures will be observed, in sub-aqua effect and from six to thirty-six feet long, by the New Year's Eve dancers; an entirely new form of three-dimensional presentation which it is hoped nervous junketers will not find becoming too realistic as the night wears on. Students from the art schools will provide diversions, but it is doubtful if they will excel the production of such fantasy makers as Messrs. Searle, Krumins and Bilibin

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

WE have left Sagittarius, the centaur-archer and are now, as the New Year lurks, fully under the influence of Capricorn. The moon will be full before the week is out, and it shows a tendency to lie on its back.

For a waxing moon to behave so is a fearful portent. Weather will be inclement, friendships go awry. Miss Dorothy Paget's best horses will be running with a lethargy approaching impudence and the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, will acquit every accused person in sight.

Lock your doors, good readers, and allow none of this to bother you. January is a notoriously queer month. It is as though the year, sick of its mid-winter Saturnalia, which some people mistakenly call Christmas, has just now a sour, Puritan, twisted smile on its face.

Pay no attention.

Those born under the sign of Capricorn, the goat with the fish's tail, are cautious, methodical, hesitant. They make excellent Civil Servants says my book and that is why they are so brilliant at sending in tax demands just about now.

H.E. the Ambassador of the Philippines, Mr. Leon Maria Guerrero, writes to me:

"I was intrigued by your item in which you say: 'Nobody travels on Tuesday.' Now why is that? Is Tuesday a hoodoo day?"

Tuesday is a hoodoo day in Spanish speaking countries. There is an old saying, "Martes: Ni te cases ni te embarques," meaning, "Neither wed nor travel upon Tuesday." I am afraid I have no idea of the reason for this curious injunction.

His Excellency intrigues *me*. Spanish speaking countries are largely Christian and I cannot imagine how they have escaped the curse of Friday.

Yet, apart from the one fact that Jesus was crucified, according to contemporary reporters, on a Friday, the rest of the superstitious hate of the day, for weddings, journeys and enterprises, must be attributed to Leonardo da Vinci and the medieval miracle plays.

★ ★ ★

DA VINCI's painting of the "Last Supper," now happily restored, supplies two superstitions: The spilling of the salt and the unluckiness of green. Why green? *Because there is no green in the painting.* And green is the colour associated with Friday. The unluckiness of spilling salt also comes from the Judas gesture in the picture.

The church plays had far more effect on our ancestors than did the Bible. They were almost always given the climax of Goodman, who, of course, was a symbol of Christ, taming and paring the nails of the Devil in the form of a bear.

Just for the amusement of it, ask anybody you know whether they care to cut their nails on a Friday. I myself have never done so and will never do. I would rather walk under a ladder.

Yet there is one strange thing about Friday, the green day.

"Friday's child is loving and giving," goes the rhyme.

I wonder how that got into the day's legend? Perhaps it was just to rhyme with "Saturday's child works hard for his living."

★ ★ ★

THREE young matrons I know have returned to the stage for this season. One is dancing principal fairy in pantomime, the second is principal boy, the third is Cinders.

When they left the stage a few years ago they all three married well. Solicitor, a Stock Exchange character, a hydraulic engineer.

All three men are the kind who can take a yawl out of Calshot and bring her into Salcombe Harbour without any difficulty.

For years they have been masters in their own houses, while their adoring and adored ones have produced them sturdy children.

Now the pattern of their lives has changed. Talk of yachts has for the past month shifted to talk of tutus, those delightful ballet skirts so easy to make, so difficult to wear.

The children are out of hand. They go into helpless laughter when they hear Mummy say, "But darling, C. B. Cochran always called me the best principal boy he knew. He said I had the best legs in the business." The idea of Mummy having legs sets the children off again in a gale of laughter. While the husbands momentarily forget about their small craft and regard their wives with a new and charming curiosity.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the husbands are altogether delighted by their wives' determination to return briefly to the stage.

They do not fear stage door johnnies. They fear baby sitting.

★ ★ ★

MR. ROBERT MORLEY inserted the following advertisement in a newspaper: "Boys: Why be unhappy at your preparatory school? If you are contemplating boarding school or are already attending one where you are dissatisfied and dread permanent indigestion or the acquisition of an inferiority complex, have your father write to me, who can recommend a school which his son recommends to him."

But this is mutiny on dry land. Mr. Morley runs the risk of Execution Dock.

The whole point of a preparatory boarding school is to get the little horrors out of the house and far away from home as soon as possible, and for nine months of the year.

They return for the holidays and for the first week are polite, disciplined and enthusiastic. Is this done by kindness? By allowing them to enjoy themselves at school, by being taught anything useful?

Indeed, no. It is done by hard indifference, cold water and glycothymoline to gargle in the morning and a certain amount of being left alone.

Boys like to be left alone.

I remember the only thing I ever learned at my prep. school was how to look a master between the eyes.

Never look into them, look at the bridge of the man's nose. Then he will believe in what you are saying. I think the years I spent there were worth the lesson.

★ ★ ★

IHAVE four young friends who are studying to be ballet dancers at the Sadler's Wells School by St. Paul's School. Between classes they come up to my flat in the morning to put their feet up, drink coffee and play jazz records.

The other night they went out on the town. They had no money and I doubt if they had more than a bun with coffee for the evening, but they had a whale of a time.

They found some buskers playing underneath the arches by the Café Royal and they danced for them and took the hat round.

And then, wandering down towards Charing Cross, they found a roller-skating rink. They couldn't roller-skate, so they went on the rink and danced out for the pleasure of the lookers-on as much of *Les Patineurs* as they could remember.

I must say that from time to time the young delight me.

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE were fussing because the B.B.C. broadcast from atom-wrecked Hiroshima before the Queen's speech on Christmas day.

But the broadcast was about reclaiming people from this horror.

Surely the B.B.C. was right. Or should an atom bomb look like a mince pie?



THE BRITISH MEXICAN SOCIETY gave their annual dinner this year in the House of Commons. Here Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. R. G. Stone were drinking an apéritif



Mme. de Icaza, wife of the Mexican Ambassador, with Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., M.P., Parliamentary Sec. to the Minister of Supply



Sir John W. Taylor, who presided at this third annual dinner, was here with Lady Taylor and Miss Grizel Taylor

Gabor Denes



M. LANVIN-CASTILLO, the designer, whose costumes contributed so much to the splendour of the "Winter Ball" at the Palais de Glace in Paris, is here putting the finishing touches to the "Fire" dress of Princesse Diane de Polignac. More pictures on pages 792-3

Priscilla in Paris

Starlight on the rink

OF the many successful charity galas that have been organized by the Baron and Baronne de Cabrol to aid young children, this week's "Winter Ball" at the Palais de Glace was the loveliest. The glowing pictures of life under the Tsars of Russia were well situated "midst snow and ice." The snow may have been imitation but the ice was real, so was the wintry scent of the pine trees and the decorative value of the golden flambeaux that carried us back to bygone ages.

If, perhaps, the barbaric splendour of the court of Ivan the Terrible was slightly cramped in the somewhat confined quarters of the old-fashioned but pleasant circular ice rink of the Champs-Élysées its magnificence was more

impressive and less chillsome than if it had been seen in a more spacious setting.

Steps for steppes, the balcony above the rink was crowded with spectators, amidst which the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the comtesse de Paris and Mr. Charles Chaplin were the planets swimming above a host of socialite stars.

BELOW, on the ice, tableau succeeded tableau. Catherine the Great, bejewelled and befurred, glided by in her sculpted sledge attended by a brilliant retinue of boyars... (at least they would have been boyars if grandpapa Peter hadn't abolished the *boyarin* a hundred years or so earlier!) and some enchanting maids of honour of which the Hon. Patricia Cavendish, although a little uncertain on her skates, was undoubtedly the

most graceful. It is not easy to take a tumble on the ice without losing one's self-possession.

One of the finest skaters was Baron Philippe de Rothschild whose wine-tinted velvet suit was the warm colour of his own velvety Mouton-Rothschild that is so wrongly called "claret" by non-connoisseurs. Mrs. John Ward was a ravishing Tsarina Alexandra Fedorovna, wife of Nicholas II, a blush-rose snow queen, in white velvet and fur, crowned with a Russian head-dress of beaten gold. In her train was the Princesse Troubetskoy in the rôle of young Prince Youssouppoff who, in those far-off days, played so great a part in the tragic end of the infamous Rasputin. The princess wore a gorgeous costume of gold embroidered brocade sewn with precious stones and trimmed with sable that was loaned to her by the now-not-quite-so-young-but-still-so-handsome Prince Youssouppoff himself.

SIX resplendent Cossacks in full dress uniform (belonging to the Marquis de Cuevas' *corps de ballet*) handed round delicious zakouskis; the barquettes of Prunier's most luscious caviare melted away almost as fast as we feared the ice would when the Princesse Diane de Polignac appeared in her volcanic fire-frock. Happily Mme. de Cabrol and Miss Cynthia Balfour were at hand in their exquisite frost-frocks by Dior to balance matters.

It was a splendid gala. I saw nothing but smiles. Heard nothing but laughter and applause; only M. de la Chauvinière appeared somewhat puzzled. Perhaps he was wondering at the presence of Louis II of Bavaria and of Mme. de Pompadour but, surely, as *chef du protocole* to republican France, he must have seen even stranger visitors at the Palais de l'Élysées.

GALA follows gala. Sometimes one attends them in the same frock, but rarely in the same mood.

Tout Paris, led by President and Mme. René Coty, was at the gala première of *Port-Royal*, M. Henry de Montherland's most noble and uplifting play at the Comédie Française. *Port-Royal*, it will be remembered (*I had to look it up*), was the home of the Bernardine nuns who, on account of their Jansenistic beliefs, were persecuted by the Jesuits. Their community was closed and finally destroyed, by Louis XIV, in 1705. The ruins still exist in the picturesque Chevreuse Valley a few miles beyond Versailles where one also finds several pleasant pûlets for lunch. . . . I did not have to look *that up*!

M. DE MONTHERLAND is a great dramatist. All British lovers of the French theatre have seen—or read—*La Reine Morte* and *Le Maître de Santiago*. I have no doubt they will see *Port-Royal*, though I am not sure that, at a first audition, they will hear it. Possibly they will close their eyes, as I did, and simply listen to the admirable voices of the *comédiens français*. Then they will go home to consult the book of the words that their over-strained attention has not registered.

The play, in one act that lasts two hours and a quarter without breathing space, makes too great a demand on those members of the audience who did not take the precaution of reading the published copy in advance.

The Comédie Française lives up to its reputation in producing such a *chef d'œuvre*, but I diffidently wonder why it was produced for Christmas when it would have been so suitable for Lent.

Lait preacher

● One of M. Mendès-France's adversaries declares "I'll drink milk when cows eat grapes!"

AN OPENING MEET ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

THE Societa Romana Della Caccia Alla Volpe, the famous pack of Roman fox-hounds who have been hunting the Campagna Romana since 1836, had their opening meet recently at Pescarella, the estate of Countess Manzolini, who is one of Italy's largest stud owners



The Duchessa di Morignano, Conte Gottilega, Conte Ranieri di Campello, Equestrian Federation president, and Signorina Anna Grisi



Left: Princess Sandra Vittoria Torlonia was putting her Irish half-breed Blue Boy through its paces. The country includes much stiff timber, and high and wide stone walls



Mrs. J. Peter Moore, from London, was talking to the Marchesa Medici Tornaquinci. The original pack came from England



Left: The Duchessa di Morignano and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice Torlonia chatting at the meet. The Campagna, an excellent hunting country, consists of rolling downland and large woods

Right: Signora Natalie Perrone, who has won the Italian ladies' riding championship, and is well-known in international jumping competitions





Left: Miss Jan Hagenbach was sitting next to F/Lt. C. N. C. Mitchell (who broke the Cresta record for Britain this year) and talking to friends about the opening of the famous Run



Right: The Hon. Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon, whose husband is Lord Brabazon of Tara's son and heir, with Mr. and Mrs. George Spice. The latter was looking at pictures of the Cresta

DINING IN

Highlight for a party

WITH all home entertaining, at this time of year—and much of it “unexpected”—it is a good idea to have on hand something which will highlight the occasion, and I know of nothing more rewarding than a good liver pâté. (“*Pâté de la Maison*” can often be regarded as the criterion of a restaurant.)

Here is one I have made ever since 1938, when it was given to me by one of the best of Danish cooks; which is high praise. The quantities should serve six to eight persons with a good slice each and, though it is not quite in the class of *Pâté de Foie Gras*, it is rich and pleasantly smooth—and costs a fraction of the price. . . .

Buy half a pound of pig's liver, free, if possible, of wasteful tissue. If it looks as if you will lose weight on that, buy an additional quarter of a pound.

Cut away and discard the tissue, then pass the liver twice through a fine mincer, together with a quarter of a pound of very fat green bacon (the lean discarded), three fillets of anchovy in oil, a small onion and half an apple. Rub all through a sieve. If you have one of those emulsifiers, simply mix these ingredients in it to smooth purée.

Next, gently melt an ounce of butter with a cut clove of garlic in it, or omit this if you like. (The garlic is my own “touch”; the Danish recipe has none.) Remove the garlic and gently cook an ounce and a half of flour in the butter. Remove from the heat and stir in a quarter of a pint of milk.

Return to the heat and stir until the mixture comes clean from the pan. Cool, covered, then beat in a raw egg. Gradually beat all into the liver purée. Season to taste, and do use freshly ground pepper. The fat bacon will have some but, perhaps, not enough salt. Finally, add a tablespoon of sherry.



I use my oven-proof refrigerator oblong glass box, or two smaller ones, because I then get the shape or shapes I want when the pâté is unmoulded.

GREASE well and turn in the purée. Stand in a pan with water coming three parts up the box or boxes and bake for half an hour at 250 to 275 degs. F. Cover with very thin slices of fat bacon with a bay leaf on top. Put on the lid and bake for a further two hours.

Remove. Reverse the lid and place a weight on it to press the pâté down. Leave overnight in a cold place to become firm.

The pâté can either be coated with a dark aspic glaze, or baked in a small terrine and served at table from the dish

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

The appreciation of “B. and B.”

HAD I or any of my friends been asked in the early 1920's what “B. and B.” stood for, we should have replied without a doubt “Brown and Barlow,” because it was the name of a famous motor-cycle carburettor in those years and we were mad on motor-cycling.

A few years later we should have said “Bitter and Burton,” because we consumed it by the gallon.

To-day we should probably reply “Bénédictine and Brandy,” because it is a mixture which has become increasingly popular among those who prefer “drier” liqueurs. So much so, that the Société de la Bénédictine at Fécamp, in Normandy, are now blending, bottling and marketing it ready-made.

After last week, however, as far as I am concerned, it stands for “Bread and Butter.”

THERE are many reasons for parties, but this is possibly the first time that the reason was to eat and talk about bread and butter, the theme being that only the finest should be served with really first-class food.

The party took place at Overton's Restaurant, Victoria, where the managing director took the wise precaution of providing oysters, prawns, smoked salmon, sherry and Chablis, to go with some really excellent bread and butter consumed by the various guests, amongst whom were members of the Danish Agricultural Producers' Information Service, the Butter Information Council, and directors of specialised bread companies, which included Mr. A. P. Rivers, of Hovis, who inaugurated the proceedings.

IF a bread-and-butter party is rather an original idea, so is the opening of the Grill and Cheese Restaurant at the Oxford Street Corner House. Open for lunch only, it provides a Silver Grill operated by two chefs, where you can choose your own chops or steaks and watch them sizzling away, cooking to your own particular requirements. There are whole truckles of cheese on the cheese table of prime quality.

If you have your family with you on a shopping spree and find it expensive, this is indeed the place; a minute steak costs you 3s. 6d., a fillet 5s., which includes the fried potatoes.

—I. Bickerstaff



THE CRESTA RIDERS ENJOYED MOCK RUN

MORE than 300 guests attended the annual Cresta Ball recently. The highlight of the evening was a "mock run" when several well-known Cresta riders took part in an exciting race across the ballroom on imitation toboggans



Miss Monica Michell and Lord Brabazon of Tara, the President, were thoroughly enjoying the "mock Cresta Run" which anticipated the event by a few weeks only



Mrs. A. A. Duncan, Col. A. A. Duncan, the well-known golfer, and Lady Wakefield, wife of Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P. for St. Marylebone, were officiating at the tombola stall



Mr. John Crammond, the Olympic medallist and Cresta rider, was here chatting to Mrs. John Crammond



Mr. Robert Simpson dancing with Miss Judith Nelson. This very successful event continued until 3 a.m.



Mr. Vernon Pope with his wife, who was hon. secretary of the ball. Mrs. Pope was the last woman ever allowed to ride the Cresta



Mr. N. Corke and Miss Shirley Worthington, two winter sports enthusiasts, were sitting out one of the dances at their table during the ball, which was held at the Park Lane Hotel

O'Neill

At the Theatre

A Pleasant Frolic

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

PERIOD plays written by men of the period are so familiar nowadays that our appetite for the mock article is not what it was. *The Little Glass Clock* is very much the mock article, a costume comedy of eighteenth-century France winding itself up with extreme deliberation to a farcical frenzy of conventional situations.

If put on at the Strand by stage partners less buoyantly popular than Mr. John Clements and Miss Kay Hammond it might well be hard to swallow. As it is, an element of risk remains; but the leading players are well supported, Miss Doris Zinkeisen has designed some wonderful dresses for Miss Hammond to wear, the dialogue of Mr. Hugh Mills is neatly turned and the probability is that the annoyance of a French general at being sent to the wars on his wedding night will keep audiences lightly amused for quite a while.

THE luckless fellow is the victim of an elaborate plot hatched by a notorious *roué*, who happens to be a Marshal of France. He has just brought his ravishingly beautiful bride back from church when a military herald, escorted by drummer boys, arrives to announce, with the appropriate roll of drums, that His Majesty King Louis XV. has conferred on him the coveted Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Louis. Another roll of drums, and he has been promoted from the rank of colonel to the rank of general. Mr. Clements is charmed by his good fortune and modestly surprised; Miss Hammond is also charmed, but there is a glint of mischief in her surprise.

A third roll of drums informs the new general that he must quit his château forthwith and place himself at the head of an army ready to march against the Bavarians. The herald adds, less officially, that the Marshal of France is passing through the district that night and begs to propose himself as the grass widow's guest.

The plot is sprung, and Mr. Clements is sufficiently a man of the world to realise its full implications instantly. He amuses his wife by flying into a tantrum of jealousy; he shocks the martial-minded cleric who has married them by threatening to send King, Marshal and army to the devil.

So wound up, the toy mechanism begins to work briskly. Evening brings the



MISTRESS OF STRATEGY: The charming and resourceful Comtesse de Montfort (Kay Hammond) deals effectively with the unwelcome attentions of the Marechal de Sèvres (Basil Sydney) and reassures her clerically disguised bridegroom (John Clements)

Marshal in the person of Mr. Basil Sydney, bluffly confident of an easy conquest. Miss Hammond, putting on a new dress, is no less confident of her own ability to outwit any would-be conqueror who does not please her. Mr. Clements, who has no confidence left, is determined, all the same, to make a third at the supper party. He appears unexpectedly disguised as the abbé.

MISS HAMMOND, disconcerted by this clumsy ruse, gets rid of him, and at the critical moment administers the drugged wine which has been the undoing of so many stage seducers. Mr. Clements, appearing to triumph over his helpless rival, quaffs a glass of the same wine. Miss Hammond is left wringing her hands over the ruins of her wedding night.

The abbé, meanwhile, has taken charge of the cavalry, and Mr. George Relph loves every minute of his military masquerade. His mind, undulled by professional routine, is capable of producing at speed a succession of highly original ideas; and as a general his heart is certainly in the job. Mr. Relph's

robust extravagances constantly threaten to knock the symmetrical pattern of the comedy endways, and this is a threat which merely makes us laugh.

When the disgruntled Marshal has taken his departure there is no reason why Mr. Clements should not resume his wedding festivities, but a general who has broken through the natural order of precedence by becoming an abbé cannot easily regain his place.

HE is made a bishop and required to accompany a Cardinal straight away to Rome. He is held fast in this predicament when Louis XV. himself, suave, smiling and with even more reason for confidence than the wicked Marshal, makes a surprise visit to see for himself the lady's rumoured charms.

Of course the King is quite enchanted; and Heaven knows what makes him relent at the last moment. Mr. Howieson Culfi and Mr. George Curzon give these last-minute interventions of cardinal and king all possible effectiveness.



IN PURSUIT OF THEIR TRUE VOCATIONS are the rumbustious Abbé Matignon (George Relph), off to the wars on a military masquerade, and King Louis XV. (George Curzon), suave and elegant, but equally determined to win with the gentler sex.



A RIOTOUS TUDOR ROMP

THE OLD VIC's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* has come truly into its own. The Induction, which caused adverse comment, has been cut altogether and the play is now most successfully divided into two parts. Well fortified by the spirited performances of Ann Todd as the Shrew, and Paul Rogers as her bolsterous tamer, it is excellent entertainment

London Limelight

Top honours for the ladies

END-OF-TERM reports being sycophantic affairs ("Doe, J., has greatly improved in composition, but he should concentrate"), it is more seasonable to thank those who have given unalloyed pleasure to their audiences in the theatre's year. Such a one is Eli Wallach, the interpreter and mainstay of *Tea House of the August Moon*, whose performance is sheer delight.

In common, as I learned later, with a number of others, I visited this play with an ill grace, remembering in particular the American occupation of Rainbow Corner. Mr. Wallach and his team could, however, charm the off hind-leg from the Haig statue in Whitehall, and make that distinguished soldier's cloak flutter in the wind, if they had the mind to it.

But three ladies really share the crown. Miss Peggy Ashcroft's performance in *Hedda Gabler* is one for everyone's memoirs; it stands quite apart in a decade of theatre-going. Then there is Miss Ruth Gordon's brand of enchantment in *The Matchmaker*, which bubbles with fountainhead genius, coupled with the most astute craftsmanship. The third is Miss Siobhan McKenna, whose *St. Joan* at the Arts put all contestants for that laurel into the shade.

THE Arts Theatre has a second claim to my marked card: *The Enchanted*, one of those froggy pieces of whimsy which

either do or don't come off. Here Mr. Lionel Jefferies, in excellent company, became a spellbinder.

Of the character displays which are called, sometimes unwisely, "good supporting performances," my affectionate remembrances go out to Miss Martita Hunt as an Imperial Dowager in *The Sleeping Princess*, a superb sketch of as proper an old coughdrop as ever wore a tiara. Mr. Newton Blick of *Salad Days*, whether he is playing a tramp or a bishop, commands the whole stage. He may be a loss to Shakespearean clowning, but he is the mainstay of the dew-spangled little frolic at the Vaudeville.

MISS BERYL MEASOR's unobtrusive but convincing study of a hotel-keeping lady in *Separate Tables* comes nobly into the supporting class awards. She is utterly convincing, even if she gives one doubts about the true horror of her menus.

Two great teams march solidly into next year: the Portman-Leighton combine at the St. James's, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison of *Bell, Book and Candle*.

Finally, to erase less happy memories, let us all hope reverently that Mr. Priestley did not dream of another White Countess this Christmas.

—Youngman Carter



Gold stars go to Ruth Gordon, Peggy Ashcroft and Siobhan McKenna for their performances



LONG JOHN SILVER WALKS AGAIN

ROBERT NEWTON, in the title-role, once again brings a likeable old rascal to the screen in *Long John Silver*, a story that begins where *Treasure Island* left off. Long John and young Jack Hawkins have as exciting a series of adventures, involving buccaneers and buried treasure, as admirers of Stevenson could wish for. The film has been produced in Technicolor with stereophonic sound

Television

THE STRIPLING GROWS

Freda Bruce Lockhart



NATURALLY television consists this week of praise for the Old Year's achievements and, we hope, good resolutions for the New.

My least perishable memories of 1954 on TV are of H.H. the Aga Khan as the TV personality of the year in his "Press Conference"; of Joan Regan as TV's most agreeable light singer; of the International and any other Horse Show.

Of Viscountess Boyle as the most civilized and hospitable announcer and commère; of Moira Lister as the actress most successfully translated from theatre and films into TV; of the masterly celebrity concerts produced by Patricia Foy; of the drama productions of Rudolph Cartier (from *That Lady* to 1984) and Harold Clayton (*Three Sisters*).

Much the most distinguished matters of the year I found Aidan Crawley's wholly admirable fortnightly "Viewfinder," Antony Hopkins's miniature operas, and Ian McCormick's moving tetralogy, *The Promised Years*.

More's the pity that *Safe Haven*, the Christmas play promised from Mr. McCormick, was dropped at the last moment. For most of the other

leading lights of the year's TV are present on New Year's Eve in "individual" Reviews of the Year.

ONCE into the New Year there is no special sign of resolve to meet the competition expected before 1956. Sunday's play, *The Georgia Story*, gives Joyce Redman a chance to prove her mettle as Fanny Kemble, with Robert Beatty as her host, the plantation-owner.

Tuesday's *Sweet Coz* is the first of the post-humorous plays found in the study of that attractive playwright Gordon Daviot.

Gramophone Notes

ESSENCE OF 1954



ALLOW me to remind you of ten of the best recordings, in their varied ways, to have been released during the past year.

First there was that magnificently moving performance of Vaughan Williams' "Sinfonia Antarctica," played by the Hallé Orchestra with Sir John Barbirolli conducting, together with the Hallé Choir, and Margaret Ritchie singing with such beauty the wordless soprano solo. (H.M.V. ALP. 1102.)

Then the London Baroque Orchestra, with its originator and conductor Dr. Karl Haas, played

"Concerto for Harpsichord and Fortepiano in E flat," by C. P. E. Bach, the soloists being George Malcolm and Lionel Salter, the latter joining Charles Spinks in "Concerto For Two Harpsichords and Strings in C Minor," by J. S. Bach. (Parlophone PMA 1009.)

There was a very fine recording of *Salome*, by Richard Strauss, with Goltz, Kenney, Patzak, Dermota, and Braun as soloists, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Clemence Strauss. (Decca LXT. 2863-4.) From France Yves Montand again enchanted us with "La Ballade de Paris," and "J'ai du Soleil" (Parlophone D.P.F. 73), and Yvette Giraud gave poise and graciousness to her interpretations of "N'Importe Qui," "Trop de Joie." (H.M.V. JOF. 96.)

COMEDY has not been well served and it has been left to Peter Sellers to produce the comedy record of the year, with his "Dipso-Calypso" and "The Never-Never Land." (H.M.V.B. 10724.)

The Peters Sisters brilliantly revived "S'Wonderful," and "Basin Street Blues" (Philips P.B. 227), ace accordionist Leon Sash made pleasingly "boppish" sounds with a vocal group and his own "Leon The Lion," and "Package for Peggy." (Mercury MB. 3145.) Jerry Allen, his Trio and the Allentones put really slick, smart work into "Small Talk" and "Sky Blue Shirt" (Decca F. 10381), and tympanist Eric Delaney beat his way to a solid success with his version of "Oranges and Lemons," and "Delaney's Delight." (Mercury M.B. 3143.)

—Robert Tredinnick

At the Pictures

The path of Wisdom?

Elsbeth Grant*



Thora Hird listens to a fishy story from Norman Wisdom in *One Good Turn*

It is all too apparent from *One Good Turn* that Mr. Norman Wisdom will never be, as some wild optimists have predicted, another Charlie Chaplin. It seems to me highly unlikely that anybody will ever be another Chaplin, for Mr. Chaplin is a genius—a great, individual, creative artist—and the whole current trend of cinema, towards spectacle, wide screens, stereophonic sound, Cinerama and kindred gimmicks, is dead against the emergence of any such person. M. Jacques Tati is the one comedian in the last decade whose work has been in the Chaplin tradition: his well-remembered M. Hulot is a completely individual creation and has character.

Mr. Wisdom has nothing but scriptwriters—Messrs. Maurice Cowan, John Paddy Carstairs and Ted Willis—who have been as busy as beavers thinking up gags in the hope of investing him with the Chaplinesque personality of the indomitable "little man."

They should have remembered Dr. Johnson's remark that you cannot make a guinea of a ha'penny: the metal just isn't right. Mr. Chaplin brings all his own glorious comic invention to a film: Mr. Wisdom merely accepts the material provided and contributes no more than an adequate performance.

SHOULD you be interested—and those who enjoyed *Trouble in Store* may well be—Mr. Wisdom this time figures as a sort of permanent waif at an orphanage. In a fit of generosity he promises one of the smaller orphans a miniature car priced at £12 and for most of the rest of the film he is trying to raise the money.

To this end he becomes a sandwich-man, only to be (incredibly) mistaken for the guest conductor of a symphony orchestra, and is later seen fighting, under hypnosis, three rounds for £10 at a fairground boxing booth. His next move is to add to the horrors of travelling on British Railways by behaving oafishly to the prim passengers in a first-class compartment (a scene which Chaplin would have made a delightful deflation of pomposity)—and if you think the scriptwriters would never have the nerve to make him lose his pants and therefore become involved in the London to Brighton walking race, then you are underestimating their brashness. They stop at positively nothing.

Among the other persons concerned in these, to me, unhilarious proceedings are Miss Joan Rice, who wears a determinedly bright smile throughout, and jolly little Miss Shirley Abicair, who sings and plays her zither with refreshing nonchalance.

Let me confess that I looked forward to *Long John Silver* with some dread, for the prospect of a sequel to *Treasure Island* in which Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had had no part was scarcely encouraging. I am

happy to report that I can look back on the film with considerable enjoyment.

The scriptwriters (anonymous as far as my list of credits is concerned) have gone to work with intelligence and gusto and there is not one anachronistic phrase to offend the nicest ear. The thing really has about it a distinct Stevensonian flavour.

Mr. Robert Newton is again Long John—hamming it gorgeously and rolling his eyes until one feels they are likely to pop out. The new Jim Hawkins, Master Kit Taylor, an Australian, is a handsome, talented and upstanding boy and most convincing as the wily Silver's innocent "matey" and dupe.

LONG JOHN is discovered, shipless and moping, at Portobello. News that his rival, the pirate Mendoza, has captured *The Hope of Bristol*, with the Governor's daughter and Jim Hawkins aboard, spurs him to activity—and before you can say "Yo-ho-ho" he has bamboozled everybody in sight, rescued the children, got himself a ship and is setting off again, with Jim beside him, for Treasure Island.

They are pursued thither by Mendoza's men, with whom they do battle, using doubloons as bullets—and Jim has a particularly gristly encounter with Israel Hands (Mr. Rodney Taylor) who has been resurrected, stone blind, to provide a moment of good, clean horror.

My sole complaint against this lively film is that it has not made full use of Cinema-Scope and has failed to give us the vast sea- and land-scapes that would have made it even more satisfying entertainment.

WHEN I saw Miss Esther Williams as a model-girl swimming through the Everglades to show off her aquatic prowess and some fetching bathing suits, in *Easy to Love*, I had no idea that she was being anything more than (as advertised) "clean, wholesome and commercial." Now that I have seen Mr. Walt Disney's latest True-Life Adventure, *Prowlers of the Everglades*, I realise that Miss Williams was, in fact, being a very brave girl—for the grey-green waters of this jungly Florida marsh are apparently infested with a peculiarly ugly and rapacious breed of alligator.

The patient Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Milotte, who shot *Beaver Valley* and *Seal Island* for Mr. Disney, spent nine months in recording the life cycle of an alligator, and have done a really beautiful job, though they will leave you with the impression that alligators are an absolutely beastly lot. The bull is not above eating his own young, which is surely rather squalid of him. Still, I have to admit there's nothing endearing about the children; the moment the little devils are out of their eggs, they're at each other's throats. This is, nevertheless, a fascinating film—fully up to the high standard of the True-Life Adventure series.

* Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



TWO OF THE SEVEN BRIDES in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. They are (above) Nancy Kilgas and (below) Norma Doggett. This boisterous musical, starring Howard Keel and Jane Powell, is the tale of how seven lonely backwoods bachelors find romance. The music and dancing are of an exceptionally high quality in this colourful, fast-moving film



WINTER BALL IN PARIS—ON ICE

THE magnificence of Imperial Russia was the chief costume theme at the brilliant Bal d'Hiver, in Paris, held on an ice-rink. It was organised by the Baronne de Cabrol, in aid of a charity for abandoned children, l'Essor, of which she is president, and was attended by leaders of cosmopolitan society in the city



Princess Simone Troubetzkoy came as Prince Youssouppoff with M. Mathias de Polakovits dressed as her brother. The Princess's sixteenth-century costume was lent to her by Prince Felix Youssouppoff



Mr. Jimmy Douglas, Mme. Marcel Rochas and the Marquise de Ravenel represented a Dutch genre painting



Left: Lady Diana Cooper at table with Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British Ambassador. Many of the guests represented well-known historical personages of Old Russia



Right: Dressed in rich silks and brocades as Louis XV, dolls were Mme. Amar, Mme de Lacretelle and Comtesse Louis de Gontaut-Biron



Princess George Chavchavadze was a beautiful and regal figure as the Empress Catherine the Great of Russia. She was accompanied in courtly manner by Mr. Jimmy Douglas.



Mr. John Galliher with Mrs. John Ward, as the Czarina of Ivan the Terrible. Holding the casket is the Countess Marina Cicogna.



Left: la Baronne de Cabrol, who organised this fabulous Bal d'Hiver, made her entrée as "Snow" in a splendid and striking costume designed by Lanvin-Castillo



Right: Mme. Lopez-Willshaw was a dazzling figure as Queen of the Swans. The sleigh in the tableau with her once stood in the stables of Versailles

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



AMONG those 900 letters, mostly written by Joseph Bonaparte and captured at Waterloo, which the present Duke of Wellington recently returned to the French nation may be one or two clearing up a little personal question which will deeply interest you white men, we think.

During his brief period as Napoleon's stooge on the Spanish throne Joseph was known to his proud and turbulent subjects as "Joe Bottles" (Pepe Botellas). Did he resent this piece of gross bad form as any decent person would? From some of Napoleon's remarks at St. Helena it appears that Joseph was extremely upstage and fond of himself, convinced that he was a great general and King by the grace of God. Rudeness from the Spaniards would therefore affect him, we think, as it would affect, say, one of Auntie Times's little readers, with just and awful indignation. Doubtless he complained frequently to Goya while sitting for his portrait. (Look here, Goya, you're a native...) Maybe he wrote to his brother equally forcibly:

Madrid, Tuesday.

Look here, Napoleon, these frightful people are still calling me "Joe Bottles." Could you possibly invade again next week, rather unexpectedly? I left some laundry in Paris—could you bring that as well? Calling me "Joe Bottles" (etc, etc).

Not quite the approved style for large type on the leader-page, possibly, but the reaction is the same. Hats off.

Secret

TO a thoughtful girl asking herself in a weekly paper how the poetry boys get the inspiration for all the wonderful things they produce, we beg to offer a little vignette from raw Life:

The Poet ate a hearty lunch,
Whinnied a little over *Punch*,
Trifled awhile with the *Spectator*,
Slept, till awakened by a waiter,
Munched buttered toast, sipped China tea,
Yawned, blew his nose, scratched absently,
Jingled his keys, stared at the door,
Twice nodded to a passing bore,
Exchanged some desultory chat,
Yawned yet again, and got his hat,
Went home bathed, dressed, and yawned anew,
Dined out, and got to bed at 2.

And during all this drab employ,
The Muse had kissed her darling boy;
Behind that well-filled waistcoat glowed
The dawn of a stupendous Ode,
So pregnant with ethereal beauty
As to make even Shelley snooty,
And fit, when polished with due labour
To grace the Autumn List of F-b-r,
Ensuring Fame with wads of money...
Oh, Mumsie! Isn't Nature funny!

Whizz

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay"—you probably know Longfellow's heartrending lines on the Dying Verger. Rice is tossed no longer at British weddings, a thoughtful Sunday-paper girl was recently recalling. She didn't go into any of the fascinating social and economic consequences. Here are three, jotted down offhand on our cuff at a wedding-reception the other day:

1. Vergers' children are no longer brought up on rice-pudding, and presumably live on stewed confetti.
2. Grocers get no more "returns," and their wives accordingly walk abroad in mink, not sables as before.
3. In the ricefields of China the coolie sings; knee-deep in mud and water, not smelling very nice, but overjoyed to think that the produce of his arduous labour is no more wasted by smart women on ex-debutantes whose offspring, in eight cases out of ten, will resemble them quite fatally.

And even stewed confetti must be a rationed dish at present, it occurs to one, the best people having given up hurling those measly discs of coloured paper which took the place of the lollipops and other confectionery (*confetti*) formerly flung at weddings.

Footnote

A BRIDEGROOM we knew proposed to revive this charming custom by heaving a few Carlsbad plums at his guests. It was pointed out to him that they might retaliate with hard showers of nuts, in the antique Roman wedding style. In that case, he said, he could come back at them by mixing nuts with a few well-aimed bolts, thus reducing the champagne-bill by a few magnums to begin with. The bride's mother's brooding eyes

naturally lit up at this prospect. However, the family lawyer was present.

Whether it is the stewed confetti which turns vergers' children into dissatisfied social misfits and potential Reds is a question we hope to deal with in a future talk. Okay, Joe.

Twinkletoes

THAT violent *pas de deux* called the Parisian Apache Dance, which used to thrill your dear Grandmamma at the Empire (or was it the Palace?), was of course completely bogus, as a theatre-critic lately recalling it forgot to mention. No true apache would ever be seen dancing like that, a Parisian connoisseur of low life once assured us. He'd be too ashamed.

Gravity was (and is) the keynote on the floor, apparently. The apache of Montrouge or Belleville dances very primly, quietly, slowly, and in total silence, revolving rigidly and correctly with his partner and wearing that glum deadpan expression the whole time which you see in a fashionable nightclub. His knife is never on view unless it has to be. Those tigerish leapings and twirlings and ear-bitings at the Empire would shock any decent apache, this chap assured us. They were probably the inspiration of some elderly, respectable dancing-mistress in Limoges or Tulle, he thought.

Afterthought

AT the risk of being dirked rather horribly we once put a similar theory, tentatively, to a wild Highlander; namely that the reels were possibly born in South Kensington. "Those boundings and gyrations and yells," we pointed out, "exactly express the revolt against the Kensington *ethos* which boils under many a lace fichu, just as gypsy passion notoriously heaves and bubbles within many a cathedral-city bodice." He cursed us viciously in the Gaelic and had no answer.

They say the Island Race has no national dances. There are times when, observing your glassy, secretive eyes, we suspect you sahibs invented all the wildest dances in Europe.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



Left: Lt.-Col. C. D. Burnell, Club President, sitting with Mrs. Burnell in front of part of the magnificent display of Leander trophies



Mr. Ronald Symonds and Mr. Alex Waugh, who were responsible for the new dining-room, talking to Mrs. Edward Bevan

LEANDER NOW HAS WINTER CLUB-HOUSE

A VERY happy cocktail party took place at Henley to celebrate the opening of the re-decorated and improved Leander club-house, which will now be open in winter as well as summer



Mr. J. C. G. Stancliffe, Mr. Peter Brandt and Mr. Alastair Macleod, a former President of the Cambridge University B.C.



Left: Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Connal-Rowen, Lt.-Col. J. A. Macnabb, Miss M. Case and Mrs. H. Spens were among the hundred guests



Mr. Teddy Selwyn, Capt. J. Borrett, R.N., Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Borrett and Mr. C. G. V. Davidge, who is Club captain

FOLLOWERS OF THE CHESHIRE ENTERTAINED THEIR FRIENDS

THE Cheshire Hunt Ball was held this year at Abbots Moss Hall, the home of Major and Mrs. O. Lyon-Whittle. It proved a most successful occasion



Left: Mrs. and Mr. Baker-Wilbraham discussing prospects for the season with Colonel N. Heath

Right: Two of the younger people who enjoyed the ball were Miss Pamela Annable and Mr. Bruce Robinson



Miss Anne Hope, Mr. John Harrison and Miss Fay Cooper met for a chat on the stairs



Mrs. G. H. de V. Wilbraham, Mr. Reginald Taylor with Mrs. P. G. Hunter, wife of the Master



The Earl of Rocksavage, son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, chatting to Miss Molly Chaplin

TENNIS AT CANFORD

CAMBRIDGE visited Canford School for a royal tennis match, in which the School was beaten 3—2. Canford is the only school where it is a recognised game, and the court was built in 1879 by Sir Ivor Guest



Left: Mr. J. T. Hankinson, in charge of tennis at Canford, was here with Mr. M. L. Taylor, the cricket and tennis professional coach



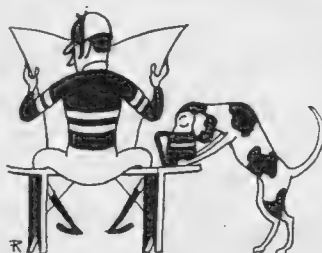
Left: Mr. R. C. Hampel, captain of Cambridge, in play against T. A. B. Connell, who was beaten by 6—2, and 6—0



Left: R. J. Palin, who scored a win for the School when by excellent play he beat Mr. M. Love 6—0, 6—2

SABRETACHE

THE STIFFER FURROW



WHILST everyone who goes racing must have congratulated the new champion jockey, D. Smith, and have saluted him for the good artist that he is, we cannot but have a kindly thought for his jumping brother, with whose exploits we shall be more particularly concerned during the next four or five months. Hard as we know that the flat-race jockey has to work and to waste, he has an easier and much more profitable furrow to plough than his cross-country opposite number. The risks of falls on the flat are almost negligible; whereas the steeplechase jockey knows that they are the inevitable accompaniment to the tune he has to play, and that one really bad break can put him out of court for the whole season.

Take the case of Fred Winter, who broke a leg early on in last season, and who was out of work for practically a year. In other ways, also, the jumping jockey has a much

tougher time since, probably, during an afternoon, he is asked to cover a total of something like six miles over fences at racing pace—say a three-miler; a brace of two-and-a-half miles, with a hurdle race thrown in for good measure. Again, a steeplechase is usually a far rougher voyage than any flat race; the barging and bumping (the jumping of the obstacles quite apart) being not a little fierce, and quite often very painful, as many know to their cost.

A BAD peck and a flounder can take as much out of the man on top as it does out of the horse, and all horses, by the way, are not the armchair rides they may look to the man in the grandstand from the other end of the race glasses. It is necessary to be in the firing-line to discover how many bullets there are whizzing about your ears.

I say nothing about the weather, because in this quite atrocious climate it is capable of treating a flat-race jockey just as badly as

it does the cross-country one, and as summer seems to be out of fashion, there is not much in it where the temperature is concerned. A hot bath and arnica do a good deal towards taking out some of the aches and pains, but jump-race jockeys are not as impossible to kill as some people think. They are made of exactly the same material as you and I, and though they are amazingly fit, that does not prevent the inevitable broken bone which, even if it is only the collar one, does count.

LORD ROSEBERRY's reassuring words at the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association Meeting seemed to have been hardly necessary, for it has been true for much more than a century that "overseas buyers had to come back to Great Britain to replenish and strengthen the blood in their own countries." The figures at the recent Newmarket Sales showed that this is more than ever true! They set up a century's record, and not the least satisfactory feature was to find someone (Mr. A. B. Askew) rich enough to keep a mare like Festoon in this country. Many of our best do go abroad, but what a fine advertisement they are for the kind of stuff we can produce! It is just bread on the waters, and it returns quite quickly, as we have seen. I do not think that our bloodstock industry has ever had such a fine advertisement as it has received recently, and as it will receive so long as this country remains on the earth. We have plenty more and to spare for everything that goes abroad

Book Reviews

A FREE-LANCE OF
TOTAL WAR

Elizabeth Bowen



"THE TENTH MUSE," delicately illustrated as here, is an unconventional cookery book of recipes from many lands. It is compiled by Sir Harry Luke in collaboration with Elizabeth Godfrey (Putnam; 25s.)

"How many myths there were about Popski and his Private Army!" observes John Willett, in his prefatory note to *POPSKI—A Life of Lt.-Col. Vladimir Peniakoff* (Macgibbon and Kee; 18s.). "Popski," the author goes on to say, "like Lawrence, was a man whom people liked to find mysterious. He seldom corrected even the craziest stories." How crazy some of the stories were one can gather, for they are summarised in the Preface.

As we read on, we are led to agree that the public idea of Popski was "wildly wrong." That here is the true picture one cannot doubt—or, at least, as nearly complete a picture as one man, working with affection, admiration and understanding, can give of another. Mr. Willett was Popski's friend and military associate: he knew the hero in peace and war. Nobody, he is prepared to say, knew the *whole* Popski, and he has shown us why.

To strip away myths is only dangerous, or cruel, when at the end of the process nothing remains. Popski had (though he possibly did not know it) nothing to fear. We are shown a man infinitely complex; by nature, one would have

thought, a contemplative, more prone to think than to act. This temperament of his makes his life of action not only the more spectacular but the more surprising. His own account, he gave to the world in *Private Army*—a book so deservedly widely read that, as Mr. Willett points out, there could seem to be nothing more to add.

Yet there is more. "What transpires from the book is less a notable achievement than a particularly happy flavour, a coherent balance of action and opinion, of conclusions drawn and words chosen. Why this should be so remains obscure; one has to turn to the man himself if one wants to understand." We do now, therefore, turn to the man.

MR. WILLETT has in no sense tried to recapitulate *Private Army*: he has, on the contrary, condensed the doings in Africa and Italy into wonderfully few of his own pages. What concerns him is the before and after—the family background, the rather slow coming to maturity; then, the final years in the blaze of fame. The Vladimir Peniakoff who was to be Popski was the son of Russians settled in Belgium: on his mother's side of the family there was Jewish blood. His father, after a professional education at the Technological

Institute at St. Petersburg, specialised in aluminium research and made some further discoveries of his own: he prospered in the country of his adoption.

The Peniakoffs were, accordingly, well off; the home in Brussels was comfortable and, still better, happy. As a family, they kept themselves to themselves; and reticence, not to say stand-offishness, remained with Vladimir throughout after life.

His dear and earliest ally was his sister, the enchanting Olga, whose photograph appears. In the family she had the pet name of "Lux"—it was she who shared his friends, his hopes, his ideas; the two were for ever deep in inspired projects. "Lux," alas, was to die very young, "gentle and brilliant victim" of influenza. There seems no doubt that this loss, which went very deep, accounted, for years, for the young man's rather marked emotional instability. It is known that Popski began to write (though did not finish) an autobiographical novel called *Summer Brave*? From this, with its picture of "Lux" and the youthful days, Mr. Willett has drawn psychological material.

Popski, though claimed at no time in any country by any one political party, was, it seems, fundamentally a revolutionary. The



ANGELA NEVILL.
1954.

HENRIETTA—1763

ANGELA—1954

A CLEAR resemblance can be traced in these charming silhouettes between (left) Angela Nevill, the six-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, of Uckfield House, Sussex, and (right) her great-great-great-great-aunt, Lady Henrietta Nevill, daughter of George, the 17th Baron and first Earl of Abergavenny. In 1799 Henrietta married Sir J. Berney, Bt., and died in 1833. Angela Nevill is a niece of the present Marquess of Abergavenny



HENRIETTA NEVILL.
1763.

smugness of the established order irritated him. As against that, he held no austere views: good times and good living were his order of life.

During World War One (for some part of which he was an undergraduate at Cambridge) he was, somewhat surprisingly, a convinced pacifist. Factory-management in Belgium gave him some, though not much, play for Utopian ideas. Upon that followed the years in Egypt when, nominally running a sugar mill, he ranged around through the Middle East, storing up the imaginative knowledge which was to serve him later. Not till World War Two did he reach full stature, in that extraordinary role he seemed born to play. Mr. Willett's observations on the Private Army are to be pondered on: he considers the actual achievement to be less than the immense value from the inspirational point of view.

HERE, at its height, was romantic enterprise, standing out against the whole deadening concept of a mechanised war. What he stood for, no less than what he was, more than entitled Popski to that glory in which his days were to close.

The private army, especially the small one like Popski's, cheered up the ordinary soldier by convincing him that our Army had its more original and enterprising, even its comic side; by making him feel that individual enterprise and bravery were possible, even at the war's blackest moments, and that the grip of the higher command was neither so tight nor so uniform as he had feared. Especially during disaster it was refreshing to feel that people like Popski were operating cheerfully on their own: that "action in the British idiom" . . . still flourished.

★ ★ ★

PRIVATE VIEW, by Jocelyn Brooke (James Barrie; 10s. 6d.), offers four character-sketches, carried out in a manner this original author has made his own. One might call this "memory lit by a sense of fiction" (as, indeed, no doubt most memories are). Recalling Mr. Brooke's *The Military Orchid*, *A Mine of Serpents* and *The Goose Cathedral*, you will know how rewarding his method is.

Here we have two comedies, both with feminine subjects—Alison Vyse, a terribly smug little girl who inspired then devastated a first love, and Miss Wimpole, a playful and ghastly actress. Both belong to the "I" of the author's childhood, and have as background the terrain he has made his own, Folkestone and Sandgate, that "haunted coastline" of East Kent. The exquisite embarrassments of childhood have, I think, seldom been better drawn.

The two other, masculine portraits are more sombre: with Gerald Brockhurst, a friend of Oxford days, whose destiny was twisted by muffled temperament, and Kurt Schlegel, a Jewish soldier in the British Army, we have the more shadowy, perhaps still more impressive, inverse of Mr. Brooke's art. He has a remarkable sense of human fatality.

Private View is a book of two different moods; and it is possible that there may be readers who will prefer the lighter, with its fantastic touch. Tamarisk, sea-mist and Sunday afternoon tea (after which Miss Wimpole recites "Jabberwocky") are at once nostalgic and reassuring. Those who venture into the deeper waters, with the uneasy "hearty" and the alien soldier, may be more saddened—but, for better or worse, they will not forget.



Hans Malmberg

THE AMERICAN WRITER OF HIS GENERATION

INCREASINGLY, since the publication of his *Farewell to Arms*, Ernest Hemingway has been recognised throughout the world as a writer of genius. This year he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, preceded in 1953 by the Pulitzer Prize. Always a man of action, he is an intrepid explorer and now lives in Cuba—where he is seen with one of his twenty-four cats

Motoring

Dipstick, 1955

Oliver Stewart

SEEN' as 'ow we are now on the edge of another *année*, I would like to refer to a few dates in the motoring calendar which ought to be most carefully filled in in the new diary—the one which you will lose in about three weeks' time. The International Calendar is a huge heterogeneous hotchpotch into which I can only dip here and there, but the first date to be noted is January 17th, the Monte Carlo Rally. The Argentine Grand Prix takes place one day before the start of this event, but is probably of less importance to people living on this side of the Atlantic.

TOWARDS the end of the month there is the Buenos Aires 1000-kilometre race. February has little beyond the Sestrières Rally on the 25th, but in March there are signs of awakening with the R.A.C. Rally on the 8th and the United States Sebring sports car event on the 13th. In this first quarter of the New Year we have two motor shows, the Brussels, from January 15th to the 26th, and the Swiss, from March 10th to the 20th.

In April many things stir, and the month ends with the Tulip Rally and the Mille Miglia. July is a great Grand Prix month, with the A.C.F. Grand Prix at Reims on the 3rd, the British Grand Prix on the 16th and the German on the 31st. In each of the following three months there is one major Grand Prix. June 11th and 12th are the days of the Le Mans twenty-four-hours event.

Shooting-sticks were worn with dinner jackets at the dinner-party held at the Park Lane Hotel the other day to celebrate the successes of the Triumph TR2 sports

car during 1954. It was indeed strange to see a decorous party, led by Lord Tedder, emerging into Piccadilly in the early hours of the morning, each member carrying a shooting-stick. The Standard Motor Company, who were the hosts, had taken this unusual and widely-appreciated means of marking the occasion. What is more, they had distributed the sticks by means of two girls who would have made our multimillion-circulation tabloids sit up and take notice.

LORD TEDDER presided. A week or so earlier there had been some comment about Lord Tedder's appointment with Standard, on the grounds that he had no experience of the motor industry. Although no one could admire Sir John Black more than I, or regret his departure from the motor industry more keenly, I cannot agree with these criticisms. Lord Tedder has the power of direction that conceals direction. He appears at meetings in the guise of one earnestly seeking information. He does not appear to be indicating what people should do, still less ordering them. Yet, in the end, they go the way he desires.

Mr. Alick S. Dick spoke after Lord Tedder and said that they had had over 200 successes in over twenty countries since March of this year of 1954. And in only one event did they enter an official team. Mr. F. G. Grinham told something of the engineering development behind the car, and said that it had first been shown at Earls Court in 1952. They had run an engine on the bench for a severe 100-hour test without trouble and the road-holding qualities of the car had proved excellent.

Mr. Courtenay Edwards, in the course of a

most entertaining speech, rated the TR2 as the "best value in automobile production in this country when assessed on the basis of performance relative to price." Mr. D. O'M. Taylor made some concluding remarks.

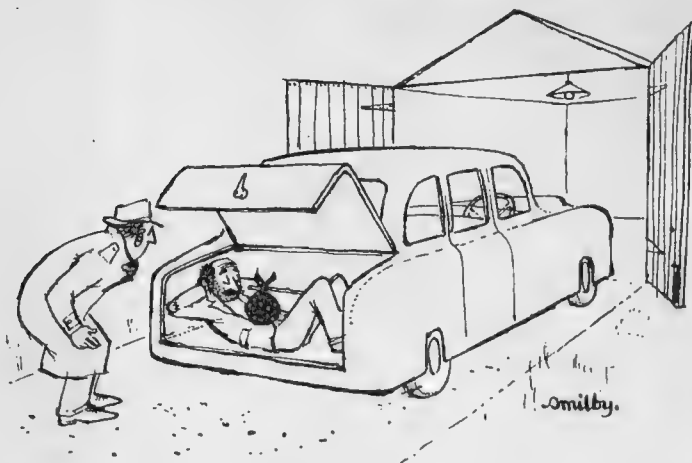
REVERTING to the Monte Carlo, I would like to summarise the lists of entries that have been sent me. It seems that the grand total is somewhat lower than in the past, but still well exceeding the 350 mark. There are 132 British entries and 88 French. The other countries represented are Germany, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Greece, Sweden, Finland, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Monaco, Switzerland, Eire, Turkey and Brazil. That adds up, I think, to seventeen countries. After the arrival in Monte Carlo on the 20th (I have already mentioned that the starting date is the 17th) there will be the final tests, and the whole thing ends on the 24th.

SOME staggering figures have come to me from the country of staggering figures. They relate to motor vehicles in the United States, and show that in the year just going out well over 48,000,000 motor-cars were registered, compared with 29,500,000 in 1941. Even more remarkable is the rate at which cars, buses and lorries are scrapped. It seems that last year something approaching 3,500,000 cars and 650,000 buses and lorries were scrapped.

Some believe that it would do us good in this country if there were more scrapping of used vehicles. But this is wrapped up with depreciation rates and first cost. When one puts out the considerable sums that are now demanded for British motor-cars when the tax has been added, there is small inclination to accept an allowance of about one-third the total price two years later.

The average mileage of the privately-owned motor-car is given as 9400 in the U.S. In this country I believe it is still held to be under 8000 miles.

I MUST add a rather belated word of congratulation to the Rootes Group for the success of the Sunbeams in the 1100-mile Great American Mountain Rallye—to give it its proper name. The team of three Sunbeam Alpine two-seaters took the Manufacturers' Team Prize. There were sixty-four other makes of cars ranged against them, including both American and German. The drivers started on the New York waterfront and made their way over mountainous country to the Canadian border. The drivers were Stirling Moss with co-driver Ron Kessel, Sheila Van Damm with co-driver Anne Hall, and Kasimir Krag with co-driver William Giltzow. The Sunbeams were entered by Rootes Motors Incorporated of New York.



The Triumph T.R.2 sports car has not only had an immensely successful racing season, but is a car on whose looks the owner-driver can justifiably pride himself. There is also a hard-top model



Col. J. H. Bevan, Lady Illingworth, a vice-chairman, Mr. T. Marffy, the Countess of Listowel, chairman of the ball, and Mr. W. E. Tucker seated at their table

A SNOW BALL WAS GIVEN IN MILD WEATHER

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER attended the Snow Ball at the Dorchester recently, which was given in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind and the British Empire Society for the Blind



The Duchess of Gloucester received a bouquet from Miss Marigold Evans Bevan, on her arrival at the ball



Left: Miss Patricia Cottingham, chairman of the Young Committee for the ball, was dancing with Mr. John Michell



Mr. Keith Skinner and Miss Jane Woodford, who had been consulting ball programmes, were having a drink between dances



Miss April Brunner, who was being escorted by Mr. Richard Berens, were two of the younger generation enjoying this event



A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

The suit beneath the coat. Notice its prettily rounded revers and the vents at the side seams. The skirt is as slim as a reed. Price of the brown and white spotted scarf is 22s. 6d., and the rough yellow felt hat, which has a brim with a quirk in it and a little metal ornament at the side, is £5 17s. 6d. The hog-skin gloves, 55s. 6d.

John French



Mariel Deans

WHEN NO BIRDS SING

DURING the cold, dead months of January and February clothes must be of the warmest and the idea of venturing out in a suit alone makes one shiver at the thought. Yet the first early feel of spring is there and when the sun shines an all-enveloping top coat seems somehow wrong. Matita's charming clear yellow and grey tweed suit solves the problem with its own threequarter length top coat of plain yellow wool. The clever knee-length coat has a casual tie belt, while its pockets are vertical, its collar generous. It is sold by Dickins & Jones suit department for 40 gns.



ABOVE IT ALL

THERE is no getting away from it—whilst a dull and boring hat can extinguish both its wearer and whatever she has on, and the mistakenly gay one transforms everything near it into a rather poor joke, a really pretty hat that suits you is the most exciting and heart-lifting thing that, sartorially speaking, can happen to anyone. It raises a rather ordinary outfit right up into the model class and caps a perfect dress or suit so perfectly that the whole ensemble becomes a masterpiece. On these pages we show some of the prettiest hats we have seen this season—morale builders of the first order. Opposite is a charming piece of nonsense by Madam Vernier. This little cap is made of pure white feathers mixed with grey and white spangled ones, all held together by a twist of cerise velvet. Wear it to a cocktail party or to a restaurant dinner, it is new and very becoming. —MARIEL DEANS

1. Aage Thaarup's little beige organza afternoon hat has a quirk-up tail, filled in with an enchanting trimming of snow white cambric broderie anglaise

2. Simone Mirman's amusing little pill-box hat for mid-winter wear. It is circled with mink and the silk crown is bead embroidered with penguins

3. "Japon" a cocktail beret of very fine dull gold lamé mounted on a black velvet brow band. This is by Claude St. Cyr at Norman Hartnell

4. Renée Pavy's hat, mounted on a little bandeau of sage green picot straw, has a crown of rose leaves, and is finished off with a huge pink and red damask rose





BENEATH IT ALL

NOT often do foundation garments (writes Mariel Deans) become such very important fashion news as they have been this winter; but ever since the Christian Dior mannequins paraded those astonishingly elongated bodies through his salons last August, women have been yearning for corselettes and girdles that would give their own outlines that youthful looking, high-busted, long-waisted effect. Here then is a selection from some of the leading British corsetry firms showing the H-line influence. Opposite, Warner's 5511, newest adaptation of their famous "Merry Widow" corselette, comes right down over the hips. Made of embroidered white nylon marquisette and elasticized net, this strapless corselette is beautifully boned, light as a feather and quite exceptionally comfortable to wear. Harrods have got this model



"The Contessa," a corselette by Silhouette which shows again a very high, rounded bust line. It is made of featherweight nylon marquisette, decorated with embroidery and panels of nylon elastic. Notice the comfortable shoulder-straps—adjustable and non-cutting. This corselette will be on sale in the shops early in February



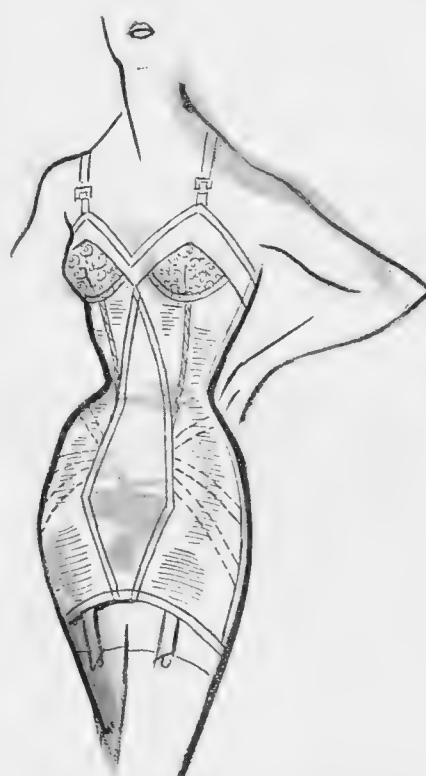
"Miss Twilfit, Next To Nothing" is the name of this light-weight girdle for a young girl. It is made of nylon net elasticized at waist and thighs for easy movement. The strapless brassière of rayon and cotton is called "Joy." Both are stocked by D. H. Evans



"Rivoli," Youth lines latest model in black nylon lace has a strapless, high bust and a very long body-line, with boning emphasized by the lines of slotted ribbon trimming. Selfridges are the retailers of this model



"Caprice" make this little checked scarlet and black elastic net belt and matching brassière. The brassière, made of nylon taffeta and elastic net, can be worn with, or without, shoulder straps. Both from Harvey Nichols



"Au Fait" make this corselette, called "American Promise." It is made of elasticized satin with power-net panels. Notice the cleverly worked Bia-Bands over the thighs which give a very close fit. This garment is stocked by Dickins & Jones



This sarong girdle, by Berlei, is made of flower-embroidered nylon voile and plain nylon with Leno elastic panels reinforced with elastic batiste. The "Harlequin" brassière is from Berlei's Under-Lift range. Both are stocked by Marshall & Snelgrove of Oxford Street



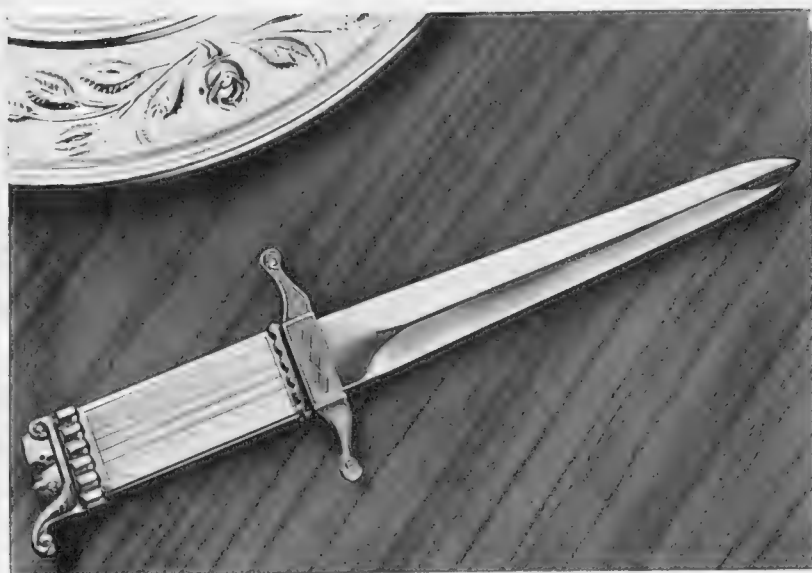
Left: The "Folies Bergère" cigarette box will add colour to the room and frivolity to the party. Price £12 11s. 0d. Stocked by Harrods



Above: Beautiful to look at are these hand-carved solid horn figures of birds, of graceful line and lifelike plumage. Price £5 7s. 6d. Fortnum & Mason

New Year Novelties

SHOPPING resolution for the New Year. Give a fresh look to the home with things that are distinctive novel and different
—JEAN CLELAND



A clever paperknife-lighter, to open your letters and light your cigarettes, in embossed gilt. Price £4. From Harrods



All the feeling of the country is expressed in this sporting silk scarf, with original design of dogs, birds and grasses. It costs 39s. 6d., at Marshall and Snelgrove



Ashtray with a difference, with a pestle for stubbing out cigarette ends, and carafe. In Wintergreen glass from Italy. Ashtray 30s., pestle 1s. 6d., carafe 15s. 6d. From Liberty's

SHOPPING LIST

THE TILE OF MANY USES

EVEN in the kitchen there should be novelty, for a few bright ideas there go a long way towards enlivening the chores. At Froy's in Hammersmith I saw some gay and colourful tiles that, placed behind the stove or the sink, should whet the appetite, keep the walls dry, and give a "zip" to cooking. These tiles, which cost 30s. for a set of six, can be used for dinner mats, for cocktail glasses, or just for decoration.

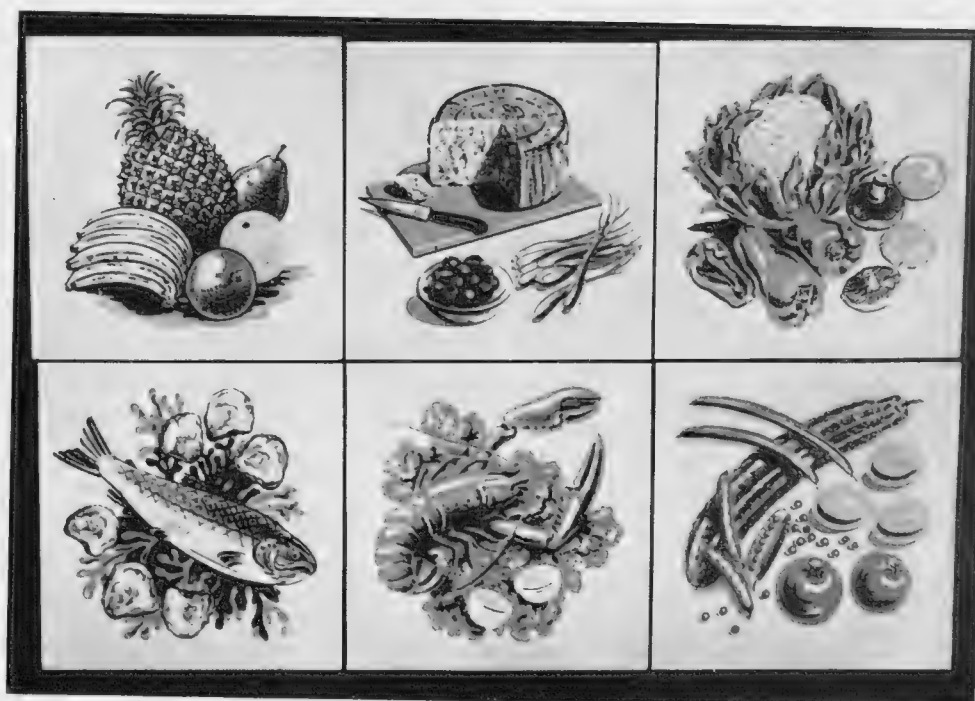
★ ★ ★

FROM Harrods, a colourful idea for the evening. Nylons and gloves to match in lovely shades, including blue, lime, mauve, purple and pink. This is a new idea which is rapidly catching on, and can look most effective if lined up with the right frock. The gloves (suede) cost 99s. 6d., and the nylons (15 denier) 10s. 11d.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most helpful things I have found for assisting towards a finished make-up is a double mirror—plain or magnifying—on a telescopic rod. It can be easily adjusted to catch the light, and it stands firm, which is a boon, especially for such tricky business as plucking the eyebrows or putting mascara on the lashes. For detail, the magnifying side is invaluable, but when flaws, if any, start to depress you, you can turn it down and look into the plain one. This useful gadget is, in fact, indispensable for the dressing table, and can be had in pink, blue or gold for 42s., or in *petit point* for £3 18s. 6d. from Woollands.

A double-ended, universally adjustable mirror which will give a searching test to your make-up



These tiles find new decorative possibilities in food, and are equally suitable for the wall or the table

Beauty

PIECRUST PROMISE DAYS

Jean Cleland

PIECRUSTS, they say, are meant to be broken. Some people feel the same way about New Year resolutions, yet there is always a certain stimulation in making them. Who knows, some of them may even remain unbroken. In any case, the idea is a good one, and gives impetus in the right direction.

With various resolutions in seed at the back of my mind, all ready to bloom in the first week of January, I fell to wondering about other people. In particular about the stars of the stage. What were they doing about it? Were they too glamorous and too shining bright to bother about such



CORAL BROWNE, one of our most accomplished and sophisticated comedien-nes, who is playing opposite Roland Culver in *Simon And Laura* at the Strand

things, or were they also getting busy with private resolves which they hoped to keep?

With this idea in mind, I decided to try and find out, and for the next few evenings spent some happy if strenuous half-hours in various dressing-rooms, engaged in extracting pearls out of oysters. Not that the actresses I visited were unwilling to talk. On the contrary, we chatted cosily of everything from cabbages to kings; of the trickiness of turning the heel of a sock (Coral Browne was knitting a gay and complicated pair for her hus-

band, while waiting for her call), of the difficulties of shopping with a pair of small children (Brenda Bruce), of music and concerts (Eileen Herlie). When it came to resolutions, however, the going was slower. A dreamy look came into their eyes while they pondered as to what they really intended to do with this brand New Year.

BRENDA BRUCE was perhaps the most definite. Making up for her part in *Both Ends Meet*, and brushing the short hair that becomes her so well, she said: "One thing is definite. Never again will I let anyone persuade me either to grow my hair, curl it up, or have an elaborate hair-do. Life, for me at least, is too busy to fuss with fancy styles, and in any case they do not really suit me. I had my hair cut like this when I played Peter Pan, and I am resolved to keep it this way. At least it is individual, and that is better than just following a fashion." A wise remark which many people would do well to follow.

"Another thing," and the hair-brush went down with a bang, "I am *not* going to get all worked up over small things—that is if I can help it. For instance, now, if I am tired when I get home late, and I burn the sausage I am cooking for my supper,



BEATRICE LILLIE, after an absence of eight years from the London stage, is once more delighting audiences with *An Evening With Beatrice Lillie* at the Globe

I am inclined to burst into tears. In the New Year there is to be no more of that. I'll just cook another sausage."

OTHER resolutions from this clever and friendly little actress were to try and get eight hours sleep at night. This, in spite of acting, looking after a house, a husband and the twins—known as the Women—and to concentrate on Italian lessons. When I left, with apologies for worrying her by talking so long, she said: "Not at all. The time for we actresses to worry is when people don't want to bother to talk to us." A nice person.

Eileen Herlie, who gave me a charming welcome in her spacious dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre, sitting me down in a comfortable arm-chair with a cigarette, looked so lovely that I wondered whether she ever felt the need to make resolutions, at least as regards appearance. I soon



EILEEN HERLIE turns with great success from drama to comedy in *The Matchmaker*, by Thornton Wilder, at the Haymarket Theatre

found, however, that she had some clear-cut ideas on the subject. "To look well, you must feel well," she said, "and to feel well you must keep in good health." Her resolve then is to try to get more fresh air—even if it means doing breathing exercises in the morning—and to walk at least part of the way to the theatre. "I want to try, too," she went on, "to stick to a 'daily dozen,' and really get on with them. As it is, I am inclined to start off, then just lie on my back and dream, which really gets me nowhere."

The brilliant Beatrice Lillie's resolutions were as pithy as her stage performances. One was to walk at least one mile a day, rain or shine, and the other, to paint one picture a month, good or bad. In exchange for these, I gave her two more. One, to come to this country and entertain us far more often, and the other, to allow us time to draw breath between laughs.

CORAL BROWNE's resolution was one of the best. A simple one that applies to us all, though we so often fail to carry it out. *Count your blessings.* "I find," she said, "that I am far too inclined to grumble. Grumble because I have too much to do, and grumble because I have to go to the theatre when I would rather stay at home, and so on and so forth. In the New Year I am going to take less things for granted and try to be more grateful."

"That," I said, as I departed, thinking of her delightful acting and wonderful looks, "should not be too difficult."



BRENDA BRUCE plays opposite the author in Arthur Macrae's comedy *Both Ends Meet*. She is an actress of extreme versatility



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SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Jennifer Joyce Llewellyn, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. S. E. Llewellyn, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Llewellyn, of Binfield, Berks, is engaged to Mr. Philip H. Townsend Eyres, elder son of Capt. W. C. T. Eyres, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Eyres, of Burnham, Bucks



Lenare



Lenare

Miss Carol Mary Lascelles Carr, only daughter of the late Mr. H. Lascelles Carr and of Mrs. James S. P. Armstrong, of Chequers Corner, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, is shortly to marry Mr. Frank Geoffrey Hooton, of Avenue Foch, Paris, son of Mr. R. F. Hooton and the late Mrs. Hooton, of Winnipeg, Canada



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Elizabeth Morris, daughter of the Rev. T. E. G. Morris, Deputy Assistant Chaplain General, W. Africa Command, Accra, and Mrs. Morris, is engaged to Mr. John Acheson Naylor, son of the Very Rev. A. T. A. Naylor, Dean of Battle, Sussex, and Mrs. Naylor



Fayer

Miss Jennifer Clive Hughes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clive Hughes, of the Old Manor House, Borough Green, Kent, has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael John Stone, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Stone, of Dark Hill, Ightham, Kent

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THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



McNally, Capetown

LAWSON—LAWTON

Capt. Kenneth A. Lawson, 16/5th Queen's Royal Lancers, son of Mr. C. A. Lawson, of Esher, Surrey, married Miss Jennifer Evelyn Lawton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Lawton, of Kenilworth, Capetown, South Africa, at Claremont, Capetown



MOILLIET—BUTLER

Sub-Lt. David Mcilliet, R.C.N., younger son of the late Major Erskine Moilliet, and of Mrs. Moilliet, of Victoria, B.C., married Miss Sheila Ann Butler, only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Butler, of Elvaston Place, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



PAGET—FARMER

Major Julian Tolver Paget, Coldstream Guards, son of General Sir Bernard and Lady Paget, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, recently married Miss Diana Frances Farmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. H. Farmer, of Eliot Vale, Blackheath, at the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea



Griffith, Farnham

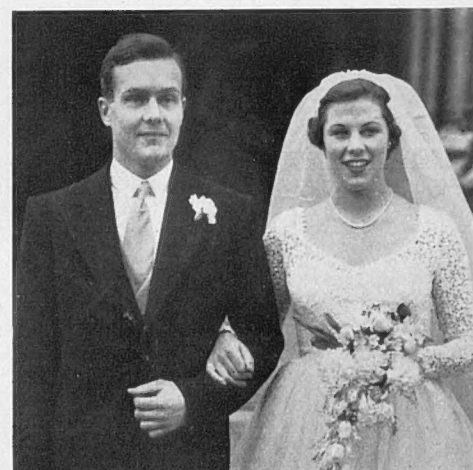
HADDON—ROOKE

Mr. James Martin Haddon, son of the late Cdr. R. D. B. Haddon, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Haddon, of Farnham, Surrey, married Miss Pamela Frances Rooke, daughter of the late Major L. F. P. Rooke, and Mrs. Rooke, of Farnham, Surrey, at Tilford



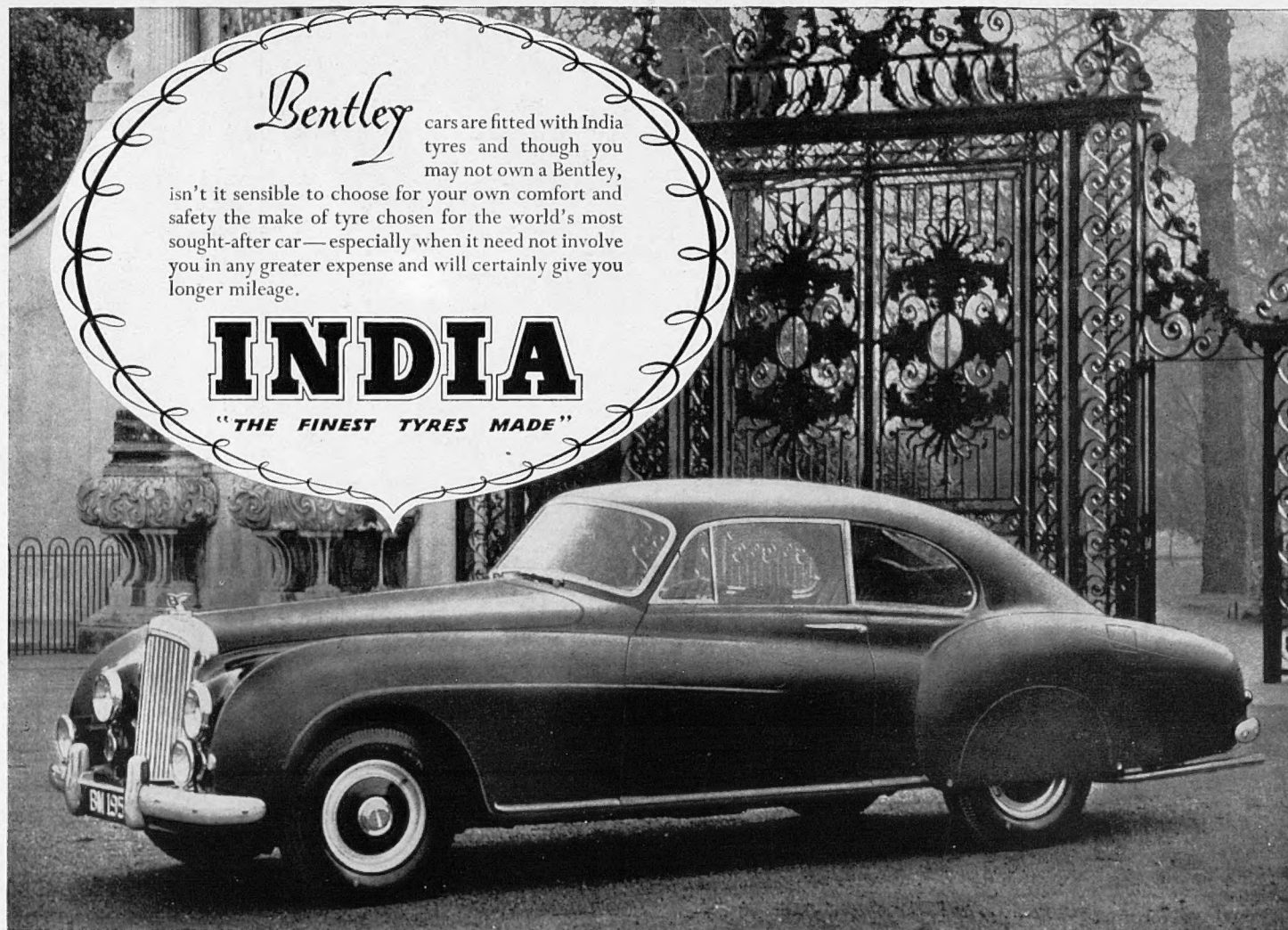
WOOD—O'KELLY

Capt. A. J. C. Wood, Seaforth Highlanders, son of Major and Mrs. E. G. Wood, of Gollanfield House, Inverness-shire, married Miss Mary Claire O'Kelly, daughter of the late Major W. M. O'Kelly, M.C., and Mrs. O'Kelly, of Bovingdon, Herts, at Boxmoor



PALMER—MOODY

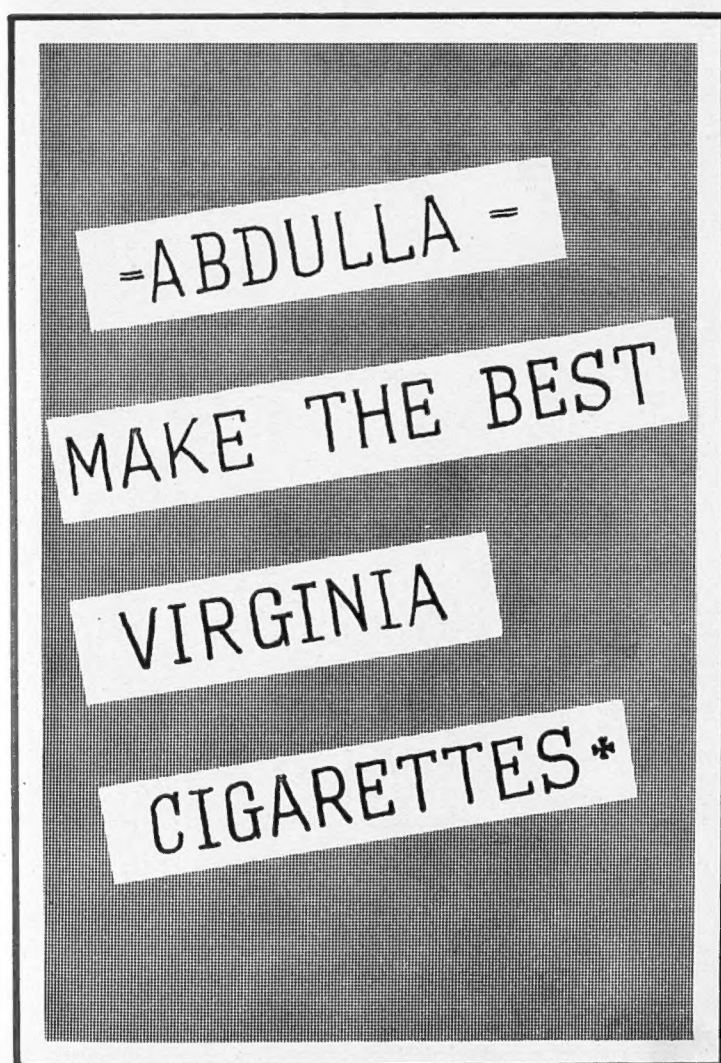
Mr. Gordon Frank Palmer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Palmer, of Clevedon, Wokingham, Berkshire, married Miss Joan Isabel Moody, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Moody, of Dunedin, New Zealand, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



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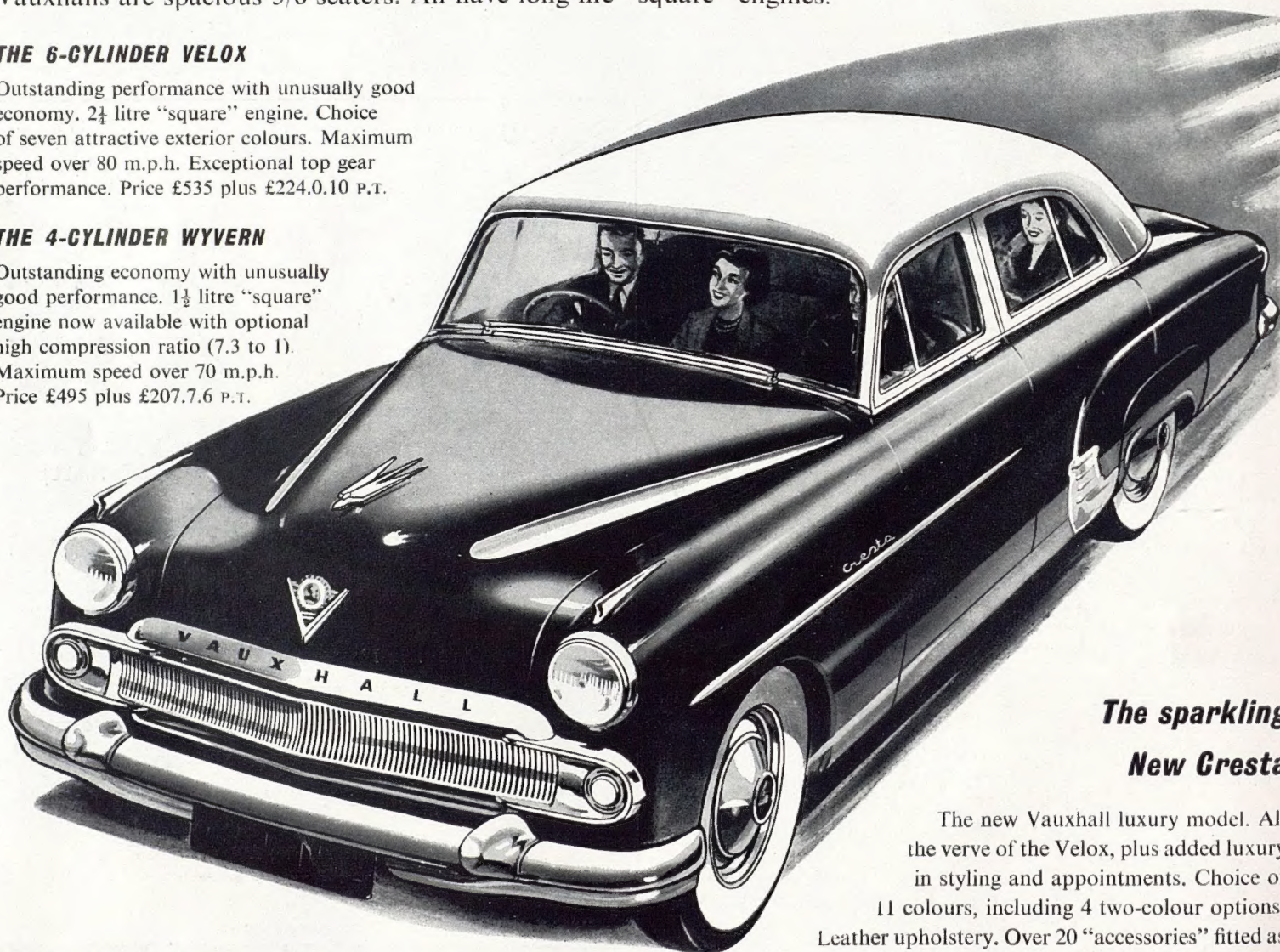
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